

Collier's



The Gardener

M · P

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The Truth about the Mutual Life

THIS is a matter of great interest to the public, and of still greater interest to thousands of individuals. People with the fairest minds—and that means most people—have been disturbed and unsettled by the developments and denunciations of the past few months. What these people want is the truth—the plain unvarnished truth. To give them this truth is the object of this announcement.

The Mutual Life Insurance Company was organized in 1843, the first of its kind in America. In 24 years it had become the largest in the world. For 39 years, in spite of the keenest competition, it has held the lead, passing unharmed through panics, failures, strikes and wars; meeting with promptness its every obligation and having 460 millions of assets to-day.

The recent Insurance agitation was unique. The investigation certainly was thorough. As every one knows the Mutual Life was on the firing line. The smoke has now cleared away. What do we find?

In the first place we find that the Mutual Life is still the largest and staunchest Life Insurance Company in the world. Without defending or in the least belittling the abuses and extravagances recently brought to light, everybody should keep in mind the fact that the solvency of this Company has not for a moment been affected thereby. Concerning the work of the finance committee which has been attacked in the press, this Company's auditing committee consisting of Messrs. Truesdale, Auchincloss, Fish and Dixon stated on February 15th, 1906:

"The Committee certify that the investments of the Company are of the highest order and well selected," and "have found the valuation given safe and conservative, in many instances less than the market value and in none in excess of such value."

In the next place, extravagance has been stopped, and those responsible for it have gone; a new management has been installed, and retrenchments have been effected that have already saved vast sums of money and will save much more as time goes on. Legislative reforms have likewise been anticipated, and the Company is now as sound at the circumference as it always has been at the core.

In the next place, the ending of the first quarter presents an excellent opportunity for comparing this year with last.

The amount paid policy holders is \$9,608,436.50, an increase of \$1,070,835.26. The receipts for premiums were \$15,082,484.57, a decrease of \$857,995.29 for the period. This is a shrinkage of less than 5½ per cent. The amount paid for expenses was \$2,935,552.44, a reduction of \$1,547,279.36.

This remarkable showing is a good thing to be kept in mind by everybody—those now insured in the Mutual Life, and those who should be. It cannot be accounted for by the smaller amount of new business written. Of the saving for the quarter, the sum of \$390,961.52 is in items not connected with the obtaining of new business.

In the next place we find that this Company is doing business—more business than any other company in the world with one exception. Far from being paralyzed or demoralized it is forging right ahead. Policies by the hundred are being written each day; honest trustees, keenly alert, are directing its affairs; faithful and experienced men are doing its intricate work; loyal agents are explaining its advantages and discriminating people are obtaining its protection.

In the next place we find that there need be no question as to the future. A policy in the Mutual Life is just as good as gold. No obligation could possibly be better. A bond of the United States Government is no safer. It will, therefore, be a misfortune if any one is misled by the writer who prints for revenue or for notoriety, or by the attorney who is out for his clients, or the competitor who is out for himself, or even by the gentlemen who have organized themselves into committees under an honest misapprehension of the facts. Such incidents may tend to hinder business, but need deter no one who needs insurance.

With economy, which means rapid improvement in regard to earning of surplus for dividends, everywhere at work in the Mutual Life; with its immense size as the basis for moderate general expenses; with smaller liability for renewal commissions to agents than any other company; with the cost of new business limited by law for all Companies, how can any one possibly better provide for the uncertainties of the future than through a policy in the first Insurance Company in America, and the strongest in the world—

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Leaves Union Passenger Station, Chicago, at 6.05 P. M. daily. Arrives Denver 9.30 P. M. the next day. Another good train leaves Chicago 10.25 P. M., arriving in Denver 7.50 A. M. the second day.

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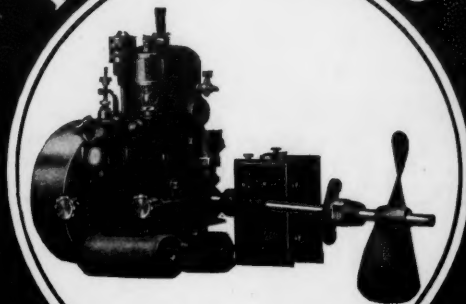
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NEW MODEL 1906.

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ENGINE ONLY



\$33¹⁵
ENGINE ONLY

1 1/2 HORSE POWER

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AUTO-MARINE GASOLINE ENGINES THIS YEAR

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Ar. Denver 6.30 p m

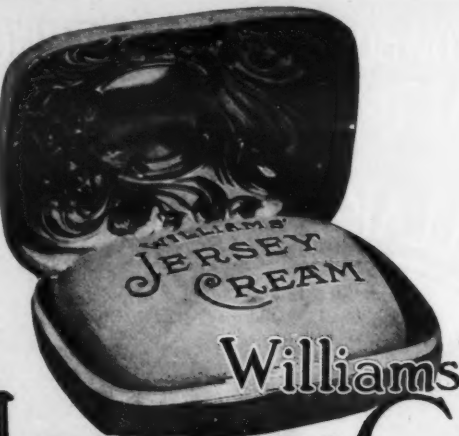
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for the Tourist Season of 1906

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For further information inquire of any D. & R. G. representative
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THE absolute purity of Williams' Jersey Cream Toilet Soap is one of the strongest claims for its daily use. It responds quickly with a creamy, soothing lather, cleanses and stimulates the pores of the skin and gradually brings about a smooth, soft and healthful condition of the hands and face. It is the Perfection of Toilet Soaps.

The same skill and care are used in making Williams' Jersey Cream Toilet Soap that for 65 years have made Williams' Shaving Soaps so famous. Any soap that is as pure and soothing and antiseptic as Williams' Shaving Soap must be a perfect toilet soap. Try Williams' Jersey Cream Toilet Soap for a month and see how delightful the effect is in your own case.

Send 2 cents in stamps for a sample cake of Williams' Jersey Cream Toilet Soap, if unable to obtain it of your dealer.

THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY

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City or Country, hill or level—all roads are alike. Life is one grand holiday when you drive a Gentleman's Roadster.

This machine is a runabout edition of the Oldsmobile Palace Touring Car, Model S. Its price is \$2250. It is equipped with 26 to 28 horse power, four-cylinder, water-cooled motor located under hood. Here are four practical reasons why the Oldsmobile Four-cylinder car gives complete satisfaction:

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Style of the most approved form.

Simplicity of parts, united with high-grade, fully tested material and skilled workmanship, giving it uniform dependability.

Our Model S booklet giving further reasons and facts, telling why this is the representative American car—the product of brains appealing to brains—sent on request. Address Dept. C. W.

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If you are going away this summer, be sure to send for "Mountain and Lake Resorts," a beautifully illustrated book of 144 pages issued by the Lackawanna Railroad. It will tell you how you can go, where you can stay, what you can see, and how much it will cost. It is a book that will help you in making your plans. In addition it contains a clever little love story entitled:

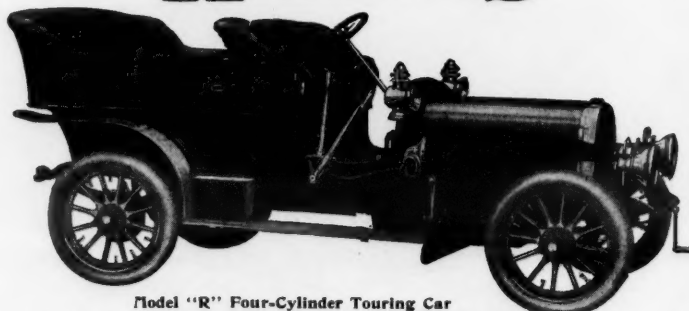
THE HEART OF BEVERLY

The cover is in three colors and the illustrations are by well known artists. It is a book you will enjoy having. It will be sent for ten cents in stamps.

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Model "R" Four-Cylinder Touring Car

Vertical roller-bearing engines. Cylinders cast separately, 5 1/2 x 6 inches, 50 H. P. An exclusive transmission that absolutely prevents stripping of gears. Positive cooling system. Individual and special lubrication. Master Clutch has metal faces and takes hold without jerking. Shaft drive. Exclusive universal joints that prevent wear on pins. Sprocket and Roller Pinion and perfect Rear Axle, all exclusive. Roller-bearings throughout. 108-inch wheel base, 54-inch tonneau, seating five people. Four to 60 miles an hour on high gear. Weight, 2,750 pounds. Price \$3,500, f. o. b. Kokomo. Full equipment.

STYLE PLUS MECHANICAL RELIABILITY

In the selection of an automobile do not allow careful consideration of the general design of the car to cause you to neglect the more important matter of mechanical reliability.

Look deeper than the body.

The 1906 Haynes bodies were designed by one of the leading body makers of Paris. They have "style" and all the countless little conveniences that add to the comfort of both passengers and driver, but beneath the body and the hood is the Haynes exclusive mechanism—the roller-bearing engines, master clutch, transmission, universal joints, lubricating and cooling systems, roller pinion, rear axle, etc.—that made possible a mid-winter trip from New York to Chicago through the hub deep mud of the national road and over the Cumberland Mountains at a repair expense of \$2.50 for the entire trip.

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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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A Kalamazoo

Direct to You

Send Postal for Catalog No. 176

You can save from 20% to 40% by buying a Kalamazoo Stove or Range—direct from our factory, at lowest factory prices on 360 Days Approval. We pay freight charges and give you a \$30,000 bank bond. You save all the dealer's and middlemen's profits. More than 50,000 in use. Send for names of our customers.

KALAMAZOO STOVE COMPANY, Manufacturers—Not Dealers. KALAMAZOO, MICH.

All our Ranges and Cook Stoves are fitted with patent oven thermometer—saves fuel—makes baking easy.

Why pay the dealer's extra profit? Why not save that money? Remember we guarantee that you cannot get a better stove or range at any price, and give you 360 days to prove it. All we ask is that you compare our prices, our guarantee and Kalamazoo quality with any other in the world. We ship promptly, freight prepaid, blackened, polished, and ready for use.



CATHERINE HUDSON
AT 7 MO'S.
6½ LBS.

ESKAY'S FOOD

brought Catherine Hudson of Corydon, Ind., from the emaciated condition, shown in the top picture, to the splendidly nourished, healthy and happy condition, shown in the bottom picture, in the short period of thirteen months.

If your baby is sick or poorly nourished **ESKAY'S FOOD** will make it just as strong and well. It is retained when all other nourishment fails. Babies fed upon it are always strong and well nourished.

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In the New York Efficiency Contest, May 5th, the two Orient Buckboards entered, broke all existing records, one car going 94 miles, the other 101.6 miles, each on 3 gallons of gasoline. No stops made for repairs or adjustments. This unequalled performance places the Orient first in efficiency, economy and endurance. Features in construction, smartest in appearance — H. P. Air Cooled, numerous speeds, forward and reverse—absolutely dependable for all round road work—level roads—hills, sand or mud. Catalogue free with full information. Agents wanted in unassigned territory.

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**THE
THOMAS FLYER**
50 H.P. \$3,500.

SURPRISING MOVE OF E. R. THOMAS

Established an Engineering Department in Paris, France

HAS COMBINED THE TALENTS OF THE BEST FRENCH AUTOMOBILE
EXPERTS WITH THE ENGINEERING FORCES OF HIS
OWN AMERICAN FACTORIES

THE most significant and surprising piece of information given to the automobile world for several years is the announcement that Mr. E. R. Thomas of the Thomas Motor Co., Buffalo, N. Y., has established an engineering department in France which has been maintained at a heavy expenditure for many months.

The news is all the more noteworthy because Mr. Thomas is almost universally accepted as the uncompromising champion of American Automobile construction, and has persistently maintained that the alleged superiority of foreign cars was a myth.

The announcement of his foreign investment was nevertheless authorized by Mr. Thomas himself, who smilingly replied to the suggestion that it might imply an admission that his views concerning American supremacy were changing by saying:—

"On the contrary, if you will study the situation a little bit you will see that our move is dictated by the thoroughly American policy of taking the best the world has to offer—and improving upon it.

"Any other policy would be narrow, insular, and unbusinesslike. If America was held back at all in the first few years of automobile construction it was because her builders cockily and contemptuously refused to consider the good work of those who were pioneers in the industry abroad, preferring to follow out certain more or less freakish mechanical features of their own. Years were lost in uncertain experimental work, which might more profitably have been utilized in following the sane basic ideas of construction which had been worked out abroad.

An International Product

"The automobile is an international institution. A great railroad authority has expressed surprise that in seven years from its origin the automobile had accomplished a speed of fifty miles per hour on the common road, though it has required a period of fifty years for the railway train on special roadbeds to accomplish the same speed.

"This rapid development of the automobile is really not a matter of wonder, when it is remembered that it is the result of the combined talent of the best mechanical engineers of France, Germany, England and America, numbering into the thousands. These men have enjoyed the advantages of a technical education, a larger and more varied mechanical experience and the advantage of great numbers as compared with the limited number of the past.

"The automobile is an evolution and not a revolution, and no high-class machine of any one country is

entirely original. The best machine of any country includes in its design and construction the best, and usually the most costly features of all countries—or in other words, a machine that adheres to the original designs of its constructor without taking advantage of improvements evolved by others, is impractical and unsalable. Thus the imported bearings of one wheel of the Thomas Flyer cost more than all the ordinary American ball bearings usually used in American cars put together.

"It is acknowledged that the first practical automobile originated in France, and that country more than any other is entitled to credit for the original improvements in the greatest number, but French, German, English and American manufacturers have been compelled to "borrow" from each other ideas which have redounded to the mutual benefit of all. Positively no one nation is independent of the other, nor can any country justly claim all credit for all improvements.

The Best from Every Land

"The pneumatic tire is English; the hardened-rivet chain, annular bearings and back-stop safety device are American. The gas engine is German, the application and accepted design French, and all the nations use American tools and many of them American steel. Thus it is proven that no one country is entitled to all credit, but that the high-class automobile is a combination of the best features of the various ideas and products of all countries.

"So you see that the maintenance of an engineering office in Paris is entirely consistent. We have there a corps of noted automobile experts and they in connection with our own superb mechanical force are constantly planning and striving to incorporate in the Thomas—an American car, remember—the very best that the whole world can produce."

Since this announcement has been made public the character of the campaign conducted by the Thomas Company in connection with this year's car is more readily understood. The company had repeatedly said early in the season that they would build a car which would put an end to old-world rivalry.

At all the great shows this assertion was emphasized, and so evidently was the promise "made good" that the entire output of the great new concrete factory at Buffalo was sold in an amazingly short time. This great new factory, completed only a few months ago, is now about to be almost doubled in size. Eight hundred machines will have been built before January 1st and next year's production is to reach the astonishing total of one thousand.

Write for the Thomas literature

E. R. THOMAS CO., 1196 NIAGARA ST., BUFFALO, N. Y.

I Want to Place a Chatham Kitchen Cabinet in Your Home for 100 Days'

Free Test

SEND for my new Kitchen Cabinet catalogue, pick out the one you like best, tell me which it is and I will quote you a price on it that will surprise you.

On that quotation I will let you use the Cabinet 100 days, as a Free Test, in your own home—to prove it is all I claim. When that 100 days is up, if the Cabinet hasn't won its way into your heart—if it hasn't made your work easier—if it hasn't saved time, steps and backache for you—if it hasn't made your household supplies go further and helped you to keep your kitchen in better order—in other words, if you are not thoroughly satisfied and pleased with it, you needn't keep it. You can send it back to me at my expense, not yours. The 100-day test won't cost you a penny for freight, as I will pay freight both ways.

You see, I am so sure you will find the Chatham Kitchen Cabinet all I say that I feel I can afford to make you this offer.

Back of this Liberal Offer

is the 25 years' reputation of my company for high grade cabinet work and our two big wood-working factories—probably the largest in the world.

The price I will make you on a Chatham Kitchen Cabinet will surprise you. Let me tell you why.

In addition to being the largest in the world, my factories are equipped with the latest improved wood-working machinery. We have ample capital to buy lumber and materials in great big quantities, and we get them at rock bottom prices. Then, our workmen are experienced—they know the kitchen cabinet making business from A to Z. All this means first class Kitchen Cabinets at the lowest possible cost.

I allow you to take the Chatham on 100 days' free test, because I want you to see for yourself just why and how the Chatham Kitchen Cabinet is better, in every way, than any others you have ever had a chance to get on any plan.

Now there isn't room enough to tell you about the points of superiority—the dust-proof partitions between drawers—the mouse-proof metal bottoms of the Cabinets—the special chair which enables you to sit down to work with everything within arm's reach, and a lot of other advantages.

If I could tell you about all these things here, it wouldn't be necessary for me to send you my catalogue, because you would then know just why the Chatham Kitchen Cabinets are best and most complete, and you would want one at once.

But, advertising space costs too much to tell you the story here, so write and get my catalogue and let me quote you a price and tell you all about the Chatham Cabinet—the 100 days' free test—and if it doesn't prove everything I say about it the test won't cost you a cent.

Write **TO-DAY**—do it now—for my catalogue and personal letter, and I'll tell you the rest of the Kitchen Cabinet story.

Let Me Quote You a Price on a Chatham Cabinet NOW

THE MANSON CAMPBELL CO., LTD.

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Only Trans-Pacific travellers
who have crossed by the
different routes can fully
appreciate the very great
advantages of the route of the

PACIFIC MAIL S.S. CO.

It follows the Sunshine Belt
via beautiful Hawaii, where
twelve daylight hours may be
enchantingly spent in sight seeing

From the New York Herald, January 7th, 1906

Stretching completely across the Pacific is what may be termed the "Sunshine Belt." Here the sun shines regularly, the trade winds blow gently, there is very little rain and the seas are never high. It is within this belt that the Hawaiian Islands are located, with their equable climate and subtropical verdure.

North of this the Pacific presents much the same aspect as the Atlantic, with its cold winds, fog and blows, except that the icebergs of the North Atlantic are lacking.

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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



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SUNDAY

DRAWN BY ETHEL FRANKLIN BETTS
(1)

Thomas Holme Branch.



THE INDUSTRIAL MILLENNIUM heaves in sight with encouraging regularity. Congress has produced its latest har-binger in the Denatured Alcohol bill, which removes the tax upon grain alcohol, suitably poisoned, for commercial uses. The purpose of the poison is to prevent the public from drinking itself to death in an ecstasy of celebration over the golden prospect. Grain alcohol, reduced from \$2.50 to 25 cents per gallon, by the simple expedient of remitting the internal revenue, is to light an Aladdin's lamp for all of us. If all, or even a small percentage, of what its advocates claim comes true, it will light our rooms, heat our houses, drive our engines, and propel the automobiles which we shall buy from our savings on the other necessities of life. In the manufacturing field it will

ALCOHOL

cheapen a wide range of commodities from incandescent mantles to smokeless powder. By its enlarged use, a livelier iris will burn upon our polished hats.

Our furniture will be more shiny, the lead pencil with which we tot up our decreased expense of living more resplendent, because of free alcohol, and in death as in life we shall reap its benefits, since to it we shall owe that fitting and sombre glory which we have often admired rather than envied upon the burial caskets of others. Thus the aerial fancy-flights of the enthusiasts. We hope it's all true. We are eager to believe that at last we are to be delivered from the gas-meter, the coal barons, and the Standard Oil Company. But even should fulfilment fall short of promise, we shall have had our pleasant alcoholic dream, and the awakening, if regretful, will still be free from the pangs engendered by excessive enthusiasm for the undenatured product.

SLOW PROCESS OF THE LAW is often the rascal's best hope. To make it his sure refuge is the object of a bill now before Congress, seeking to throw Post-Office fraud orders into the district courts for jury trial. At present, when a five hundred and twenty per cent scheme or a magic healer, operating through the mails, comes to the notice of the Post-Office authorities, an inspector investigates, and if the concern is found to be a swindle its mail is shut off by a fraud order. Usually the operator folds the tent of his enterprise, and steals, if at all, somewhere far away, and under another name. Appeal to the courts is not denied him. He may obtain an injunction. How seldom this is done is shown by the fact that in the last two years only fourteen fraud orders were fought, none of them successfully. This process by which the Postmaster-General has been able to stop the business of the abortionists in New York and Boston, to shut off "sure thing" tips on the races, and to protect the public against the medical quacks who operate chiefly through the

HAMPERING JUSTICE

mails, would be effectually checked by compelling a jury trial in every case, not only because of its potentialities of delay, but because the department's

fraud inspection force would be tied up in court proceedings to the exclusion of all other business, and the expenses of bringing witnesses from all parts of the country would be practically prohibitive. Fake "get rich by mail" establishments, fraudulent stock, land, and mining concerns, quack doctors and mail-order patent medicines and health foods will be the enthusiastic supporters of the bill. There was an ominous presumption of foreknowledge in what Attorney LANNEN, representing the National Food Manufacturers' Association in its fight for adulterated foods, said at the Pure Food hearing: "I say that it will not be but a short time [sic] before the Post-Office Department will be made to conform to better rules in promoting justice." It is hard enough, in all conscience, to pass a measure for the public weal, such as the Pure Food bill or the National Quarantine bill. It ought to be impossible to enact into law such a practical license to defraud as is Mr. CRUMPACKER'S Post-Office bill.

CLEANING HOUSE

THE BEEF OUTBREAK, as far as it has gone at present, illustrates various truths about the muck-rake. It is probable that even when exaggeration and truth are combined, good, in a healthy civilization, will result. Although Mr. LAWSON put his insurance facts in colors more lurid than the real world contains, who can find in the outcome now anything but a balance in favor of the public? Mr. SINCLAIR, and some of his predecessors, have been inaccurate in detail, and have used the methods of melodrama, but as the packers have it within their power to refute all false statements, without having

the power ultimately to suppress what is true, the result will be that the conditions of one great industry will be improved* with no great injustice to any one. Likewise in other matters like oil and railways, out of all the complaints those only, in the main, will survive which deserve survival. The muck-rake is all right, as the President probably now sees. Sensational declamation does some harm, but it is infinitely less in amount than the good accomplished by full light in all departments of our public life.

THOSE WHO "PAY THE FREIGHT" have something to learn from some of those who ride on railroad passes. The Committee of the Whole of the United States Senate, in the consideration of the Rate bill, adopted an amendment prohibiting the issuance of passes. The "kicks from home" were so effective that the amendment was materially modified in the Senate, to the end that certain classes of citizens, among them those who are in the railroad business, and those whose calling is religion, should continue in their enjoyment of free transportation. So liberal was the Senate in its maturer deliberation that one-fifth of the entire population of the United States was excepted from the provisions of the anti-pass amendment. Then the conferees of the two houses did a surprising thing. They struck out all of the excepted classes, thereby leaving a prohibition against the giving of free transportation which was drastic in character. Enter now the legislative representative of the railroad engineers, firemen, trainmen, and switchmen. Hardly had the report of the conferees been submitted than a message went to every local lodge of the four great labor organizations. Over seven thousand telegrams were sent. The instructions were that the lodges, or preferably the individual members, were to wire to their Representatives and Senators, protesting against the denial to them of the free-pass privilege. As a result, Washington was "TELEGRAMS" swamped. Never was there such a telegraphic protest. Messages began to pour in, and they could not be handled. Operators were borrowed from Baltimore and Philadelphia. The wires to the Capitol could not transmit the telegrams. Messenger boys boarded street cars with bunches of yellow envelopes. One boy carried over a thousand. The pages of both houses were unable to deliver the messages. In order to keep pace with the bombardment, the telegrams had to be put in the post-office boxes of Members of Congress, whence they were drawn out in lots of from twenty-five to one hundred and fifty. One Senator received a message signed by one hundred railroad men—all constituents. Six thousand of these telegrams arrived the first day, and the number during the entire "engagement" was estimated at twenty thousand. If public-spirited citizens of the country, unorganized and without a legislative agent to guide them, would telegraph individually to their Representatives and Senators, in order to secure the passage of any bill drawn in the public interest, Congress would not dare withstand this pressure from the source of its power. Any measure in the interest of the people at large could be forced through Congress in this way. But telegrams are more likely to be used for the other purpose.

PARDONING BY SENSATION had a wholesome check when the Governor of Massachusetts refused to pardon a creature convicted of murder, at the orders of the yellow journals of the State. This case is but the latest of many, in which the vicious element in the press abuses its power by endeavoring wantonly to interfere with justice. Editors of such publications make up their minds that the situation offers melodramatic possibilities for working up easy sentimentality, and that opportunity is all they need. Caring nothing for justice, and as little for public welfare, they seize any chance of filling their diseased pages with what they call human interest. No matter how hardened the murderer, no matter how innocent his victim, there are journals which will seek copy by whipping up popular excitement without even an atom of justification. In his scornful treatment of this conscienceless interference with public justice and protection, Governor GUILD deserved the credit due to clearness and decision. In his austere contrast of the nature of the murderer with the character of the girl he killed, he touched strongly the essential horror of this yellow exploitation: it cares nothing for the protection even of women in comparison to its search for degenerate excitement.

NEWSPAPER
PARDONS



BY PUBLISHING MR. DOOLEY and Mr. PATTERSON on Socialism in the same issue we repeated our not unusual feat of offending both parties to a heated controversy. A few Socialists object to any spray of humor, however fine and friendly, upon their doxy, and the pillars of society opine that the publication of Mr. PATTERSON's article constituted a crime against the world. Some of the points made are sound; as, for instance, that the amount exacted by capital for rent and profit would make much less addition to the common stock than the Socialist ordinarily assumes. Also, that the fact that many of our millionaires began poor speaks something for the present system of opportunity. The acquisitive ability, to be sure, does have, when highly developed, plenty

SOCIALISM

of opportunity, but the arguments against the present system are founded on belief that the ability to acquire money is not so high a virtue that it should be followed by the possession of as much general power as that attribute now brings. Emphatically rejecting the Socialistic panacea, we nevertheless believe in a full understanding of what that doctrine is. It will then be considered on its merits, and if, as we believe, the evils it attacks can be removed better in some other way, the dreaming of the Utopia will be abandoned when the dream has done its work. Meanwhile an agitation that stirs fat minds to the unwonted process of cerebration can do nothing but good.

"THE FREEST GOVERNMENT," said DANIEL WEBSTER, "if it could exist, would not be long acceptable if the tendency of the laws was to create a rapid accumulation of property in a few hands. . . . It would seem, then, to be the part of political wisdom to found government on property, but to establish such distribution of property, by the laws which regulate its transmission and alienation, as to interest the great majority of society in the support of the government." A brilliant and solid essay on this theme adorns the current issue of the "North American Review." The writer, who is anonymous, writes with such moderation, plausibility, and daring that his "appeal to our millionaires" must have some actual influence. Whatever millionaires may be among the readers of this weekly are hereby cordially exhorted to invest fifty cents in the "Review" and take it home; or, if unwilling to go so far, to peruse the article in the reading-room of some club. The writer quotes some very striking sentences from Lord COLERIDGE, once Chief Justice of England, which might describe a BAER or PARRY, and which contain

WEALTH

these words: "That a few persons would have a right to agree to shut the coal mines of Great Britain seems to me, I must frankly say, unspeakably absurd." Daily a certain class of newspapers ring into our ears certain dead old phrases about the sacredness of property. There is nothing sacred in property at all. It is the product of legislation and should exist only so far as it is beneficial. The idea of Socialism, to the anonymous essayist, is a violation of primal facts in the nature and history of man, and his appeal is an attempt to remove the evils of the present system by common (or uncommon) sense, and thus make unnecessary and improbable some disastrous and discouraging experiments in artificial utopias. He does not blame our millionaires, for he knows how we all have encouraged their illicit use of money, whether in affecting legislation or in electing Presidents. He appeals to them, in the very interest of private property itself, and the stimulation that it is, to encourage laws that would make the accumulation of perhaps a million dollars the outside money reward of any man's ability. It is enough, surely, for whatever good there is in money impulse, and enough for all the healthy needs of any man.

THE RICH BEAR LITTLE of the general burden of taxation, in any country, proportionately to the poor. The British Chancellor of the Exchequer hints that an attempt will be made to throw the income tax more heavily on the rich. The Liberal party may also adopt the principle, practised in several European countries, of taxing income from property more heavily than income based on effort. Prussia, Saxony, and Wurtemberg tax income from property about three times as much as income from work, and Denmark twice as much. The principle is recognized in Italy. The only objection to a progressive income tax is the encouragement that it gives to perjury, and this objection it shares with the ordinary forms of taxing

personal property. Income taxes, inheritance taxes, and laws in restraint of monopoly are all efforts, of course, toward the one goal of so arranging the laws that society shall grant to the individual only as much as is for the material and spiritual welfare of the race. Massachusetts has just declared, through her Supreme Court, that no person or body in that State shall make it a condition of sales that the purchaser shall not handle the goods of other dealers—a significant example of what is to be expected more every year in the direction of preventing the individual or the corporation from having too much in common with the supposed disposition of the much-wronged hog.

THE PART OF CLERGYMEN in the work which the world is doing to-day has been frequently a topic of frank discussion in this paper. An interesting answer from a member of the profession makes a dignified statement of the quiet work that many members of the Church accomplish along the lines of moral education. He recalls that one of the heroes of "Christian Citizenship," which we published, was a minister who dared to speak the truth and vote for it, and he knows a score of such men, humble and devoted, limited in work and station, but unselfish and sincere. We had spoken of the press as accepting opportunities which the clergy had passed by, but our correspondent thinks that the inconspicuous preachers of the word throughout the land have by their daily labors done much to make this new step possible. Much of this may well be true, and yet our point, that the interests and views of the wealthier members of a congregation too often bias a preacher's thought, can hardly be gainsaid. It would be a grievous wrong for us to undervalue the accomplishment of any class of men, and, while we have no doubt whatever that the clergy are failing to act as leaders in the economic readjustments of our time, we also have no doubt that thousands of them are forces for good in the influence which is theirs.

CHURCH
WORK

AMONG AMERICAN WRITERS of our day we know none characterized more surely by rightness and health of spirit than WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE of Emporia, Kansas. None sees the world more justly in its proportions, as it is. None, therefore, is more kind, more charitable, with gentler humor, or in more every-day fashion entirely wise. He can, with this wisdom, amiability, and amusement that are his, do things that stiffer spirits find impossible. He can criticize with no suggestion of hostility. He can praise with no hint of partiality. In his freshness, in the openness of his manner and the breeziness of his words, there is much that we are proud to call American. Newspapers in our bulkiest towns have often sought his services, but to his eye the largest difference between Chicago or New York, for example, and Emporia, Kansas, is that neither Chicago nor New York would give him, in whatever figures their bribes were offered, the pleasant stretch of lawn that his own hand waters with his hose. Freedom in Emporia is his, and the story of mankind is written there even as in London or St. Petersburg.

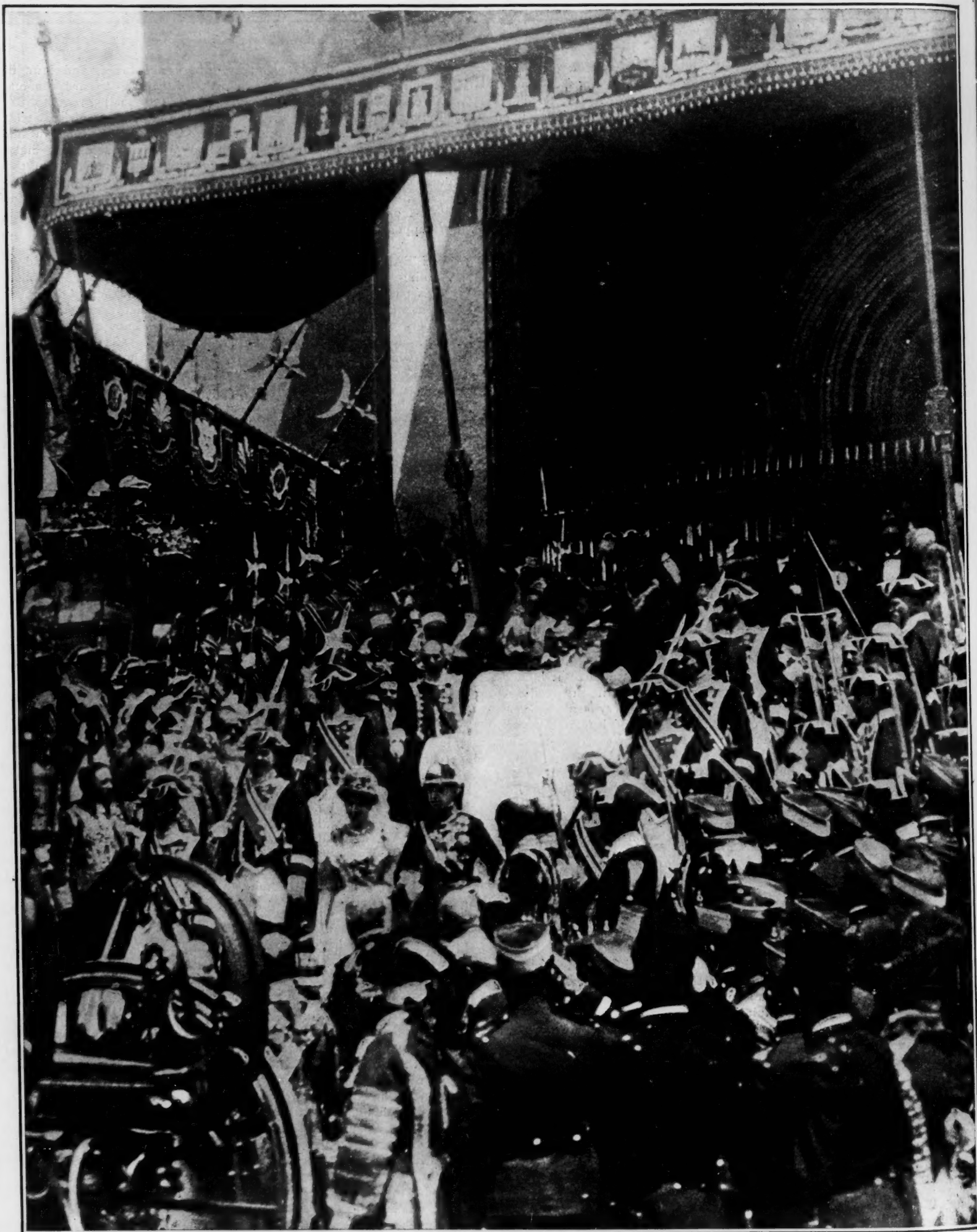
WILLIAM
ALLEN WHITE

"IN OUR TOWN," Mr. WHITE's latest volume, is a collection of narrative sketches, essentially essays in significance, deriving their unity from the individuality of the little Western town which they depict. They contain poetry; indeed, they are hovered over by the images of birth and death. The young pervade them, and old men pass along as links between the cradle and eternity. Bad citizens there are, but none to whom we do not find ourselves humane enough to will forgiveness and a blessing. It is the poetry of love, the wisdom of love, and the humor or chiaroscuro of love, or of what the King James version translates as charity, that is the poetry of this book. For it is the love not of blindness, but of insight; not of limitation, but of completeness. Mr. WHITE knows the great, distant, and Protean world. He knows it well, and it lends a sweeter pleasantness to the caressing touch with which he paints Emporia. He knows what local manners would seem innocent and quaint to folks who nightly change their coats. He has the comic philosopher's outside knowledge of his subject. But he has the comic philosopher's outside knowledge of mankind, as well, and it gives to the world an appealing touch of farce, even as it makes of Emporia a microcosm of that speck-like planet on which it is a somewhat smaller speck.

WISDOM
AND HUMOR

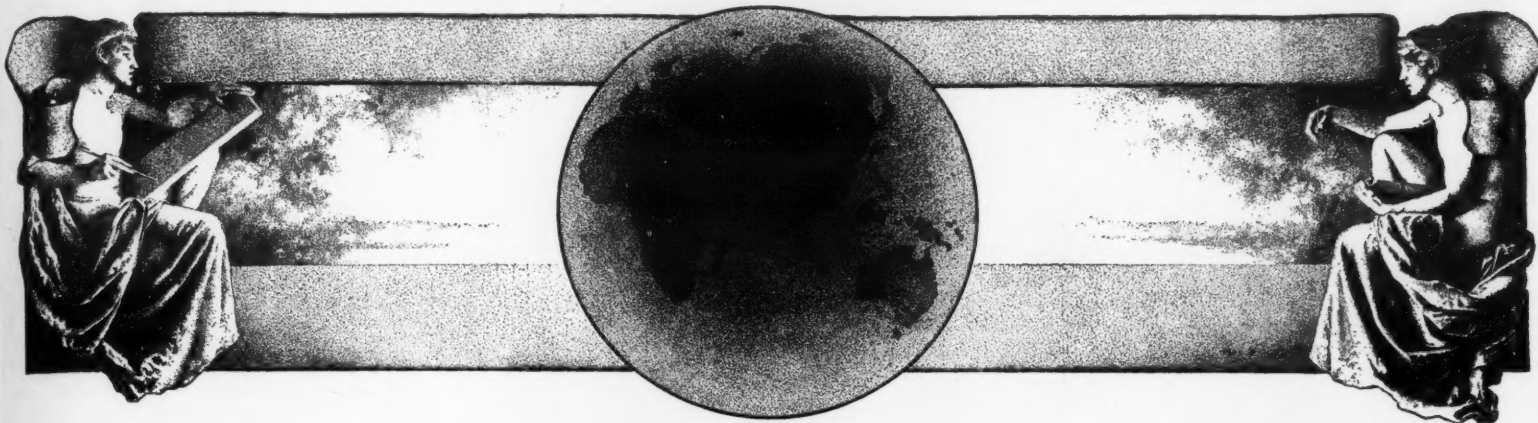
THE MARRIAGE OF THE KING OF SPAIN

THE ROYAL PAIR LEAVING THE CHURCH AFTER THE CEREMONY



Alfonso XIII was married to the British Princess Ena of Battenberg, niece of Edward VII, who now assumes the title of Queen Victoria Eugenie. The ceremony was performed at Madrid on May 31, in the Church of San Geronimo el Real

WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING



EDITED BY SAMUEL E. MOFFETT

ALTHOUGH the Beef Trust has fought the President's inspection bill, it has been vigorously cleaning up its packing plants. ¶The sailors of the Atlantic fleet have refused to eat canned meat. ¶William J. Bryan has suddenly become the overshadowing Democratic candidate for 1908. ¶The Pennsylvania Railroad has begun discharging clerks who have been amassing fortunes in coal stocks. ¶A New York jury has decided that Richard Canfield, the gambler, must pay the attorney who helped him to evade the laws. ¶John D. Rockefeller's offer, to the New York Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor, of \$125,000 for a seaside hospital for afflicted children, the first great institution of the kind in the world, will expire June 30 unless an equal amount is raised from other sources. ¶The discontented peasants in Russia are getting beyond control, and the relations between the Duma and the Government are at the breaking point. ¶The President has signed the Free Alcohol bill. ¶President Roosevelt has announced that he will write no more for publication, except officially, during his term of office. ¶The Penrose ring in Penn-

sylvania has nominated a ticket of colorless respectability. ¶Governor Warfield, of Maryland, has appointed ex-Senator William Pinckney Whyte, aged 82, to fill the place of the late Arthur P. Gorman in the Senate. ¶President Peabody, of the Mutual Life Insurance Company, expresses doubt on the question whether it is better for a company to submit to unjust exactions or bribe officials to escape them. ¶The increasing cost of maintaining the Executive Department, now amounting to nearly \$300,000 as against less than half the amount under McKinley, has been criticized in Congress. An attempt to appropriate \$25,000 for the President's traveling expenses was defeated in the House on a point of order. ¶F. D. Coburn, appointed Senator from Kansas, has declined the office, and A. W. Benson has been named in his place. ¶Senator Blackburn has been complimented with the nominal leadership of the Democratic minority formerly held by the late Senator Gorman. ¶Premier Richard Seddon, of New Zealand, died of heart disease on a steamer June 10. ¶Senator Smoot has suffered an unfavorable committee report

THE SIEGE OF PACKINGTOWN

THE Beef Trust has continued its insensate policy of opposing legislation calculated to restore the confidence of the world in the purity of its meat supply, while at the same time stupidly attempting to discredit the testimony of eye-witnesses and hurriedly cleaning up dirt which, according to its own assertions, never existed. Meanwhile it has plaintively protested that if there was anything wrong with its establishments it never knew it, and asked why it was not informed privately of the alleged evils so that it could remedy them without scandal.

Apart from the absurdity of supposing that establishments can be insanitary and filthy for years without the knowledge of proprietors who have accumulated hundreds of millions of dollars by "saving every part of a hog but the squeal," the Beef Trust has had its warnings again and again, and has deliberately closed its ears to them. It was a year and a half ago that the London "Lancet" published an exhaustive series of articles, containing substantially the same information conveyed in the Neill-Reynolds report. "It must be clearly understood," said the "Lancet's" correspondent on January 7, 1905, "that no one possessing technical knowledge of the question would buy meat from Chicago if it were possible to obtain it at about the same price and quality from an efficiently controlled municipal slaughter-house such as exists at Brussels, Berlin, Paris, and many other great railway and navigation centres."

In his article of January 14 the correspondent said: "At the Chicago stockyards I could not but

feel scandalized and humiliated when I saw the foul and abominable premises in which the representatives of science, the representatives of the United States of America, the representatives of the majesty of the law, condescended to work daily in the accomplishment of their mission." The "Lancet" found the same sanitary conditions that President Roosevelt calls "revolting." Even

He told of "innumerable rafters, sharp angles, nooks and corners where blood, the splashing of offal, and the sputum of tuberculous workers can accumulate for weeks, months, and years." "It does not look," he added, "as if the floors are ever really cleaned, though I am told they are occasionally scrubbed." That was a year and a half ago, and when Mr. Neill and Mr. Reynolds visited Packingtown they saw what might have been the same dirt. And then the agents of the packers in Congress complained that the Neill-Reynolds report had been a blow without warning.

There has been time since the "Lancet's" disclosure to replace the whole outfit of abominations at Chicago with model abattoirs, but instead of profiting by the warning the Trust sneered at the disclosures, said that the "Lancet's" man was behind the times, and kept on in the old way.

On April 22, 1905, long before the publication of "The Jungle," Mr. Upton Sinclair said in COLIER'S: "All the best meat goes to Europe. That which is found utterly spoiled and impossible of sale is either ground up into sausage or canned. The filthiness which I have found in the canning and sausage departments could scarcely be set down in print. . . . The sausage meat is stored in great piles, and water from leaky roofs drips over it, and thousands of rats race about on it. One can run his hand

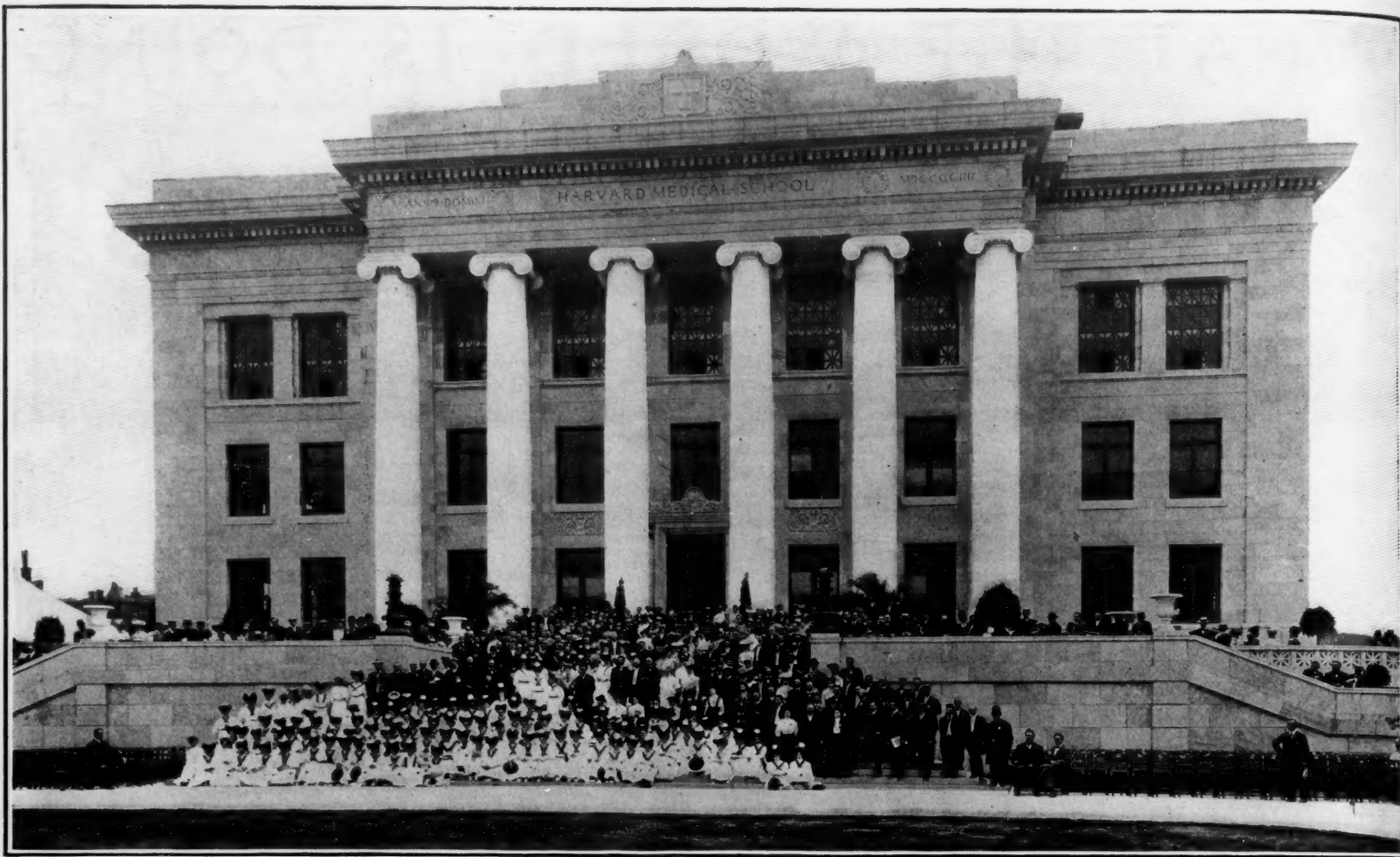
over these piles of meat and sweep off handfuls of the filth of rats." Similar testimony to things they have personally seen has been borne by reputable witnesses in reputable periodicals from that time to this. And still the Beef Trust slept



CAPTAIN RYNNING AND HIS ARIZONA RANGERS

The presence of the Rangers, 450 strong, checked the race riots at Cananea, Mexico. Sanguinary rioting broke out on June 1, but order was finally restored by Mexican troops. There are 5,000 Americans at Cananea, out of a population of 23,000. Much ill-feeling has prevailed between the races, complicated by labor troubles and revolutionary intrigue

then there had been "many protests and agitations" on these matters, but nothing had been done. "Indeed," the investigator remarked, "it will be found that many of the workers hold the food which they produce in wholesome abhorrence."



HARVARD'S NEW MEDICAL SCHOOL

The Administration Building pictured above stands at the head of an imposing quadrangle. The group was created at a cost of \$5,000,000, the money being contributed by J. Pierpont Morgan, John D. Rockefeller, and Mrs. C. P. Huntington. The buildings will be open for instruction next September, but they were dedicated at the annual meeting of the American Medical Association held this year in Boston, June 4-8

—it took a can of dynamite exploded by the President of the United States to wake it up.

The House Committee on Agriculture, which has seemed to be completely under the control of the packers, gave hearings on June 6, 7, and 8, at which Mr. Thomas E. Wilson, an agent of the trust, denied all the charges against it, and Commissioners Neill and Reynolds repeated their previous statements. Meanwhile, the appalling effect of the disclosures throughout the world was beating down the resistance of the stockyards magnates. They began to see, what most other people had seen from the beginning, that a stringent inspection law was more important to them than to anybody else, and that without it they might bid farewell to most of their foreign business. The last blow came when Chancellor Day, of Syracuse University, canonized the trust in his baccalaureate sermon. It became clear then that it was time to surrender.

Unfortunately all America is suffering abroad for the sins of the packers. At present we stand as the world's awful example. Of course, this is absurdly unjust. Some things shocking to European conventions have been done here as matters of course, just as Europeans do as matters of course other things that shock us. Our people are fundamentally sound, and now that they are getting shocked out of their own bad habits they will set the world a new standard of uprightness if they can only escape being jolted into the bad habits of Europe.

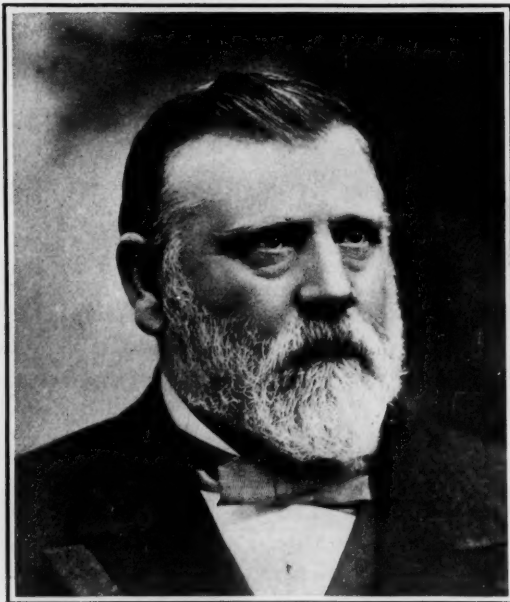
THE CONSERVATIVE

ALREADY, with the next Democratic National Convention nearly two years away, the Bryan boom has started with a rush. The Democratic State Conventions of Arkansas and South Dakota met on June 6 and each unanimously endorsed Bryan for the nomination in 1908. The Indiana Convention met the next day, and enthusiastically adopted a resolution sending "greetings across the sea to that wise and conservative statesman, unfaltering patriot, and superb leader, William Jennings Bryan," and pledging the vote of the State to him in Convention and in the Electoral College. Missouri, Ohio, and Iowa had already given him their indorsement. The politicians in Illinois are falling over themselves to climb on his wagon.

There is no longer an "enemy's country" for the Ishmaelite of 1896 and 1900. In New York preparations are on foot for a welcome to Mr. Bryan on his return from abroad in August on a scale unprecedented in politics. This demonstration is largely in the hands of the conservatives who defeated him in his former campaigns. In the Missouri Convention ex-Governor Francis, the conservative leader, the friend and former Cabinet officer of Grover Cleveland, paid a glowing tribute to Bryan and pledged the support of the "safe and sane" element to him if he secured the nomination. The St. Louis "Republic" hails him as "the most conservative force in American public life." Colonel Watterson is hurrahing for Bryan, and announces that he "will have no more resolute and faithful supporters than the surviving members

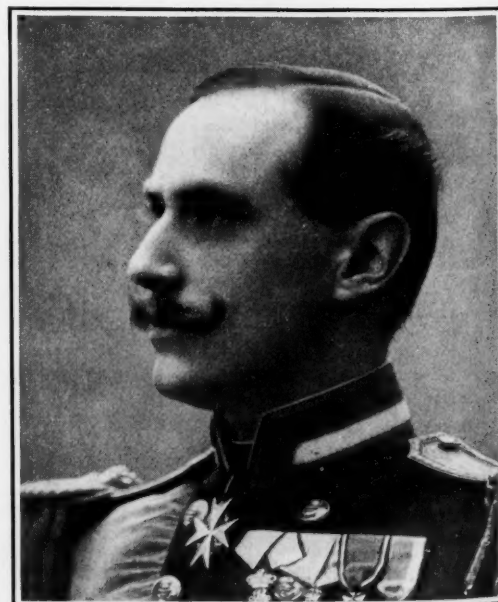
of the sound-money wing of the party of 1896." It is confidently predicted that the breach in the Democratic party caused by the first Bryan nomination will be healed by the third.

The readiness of the conservatives to accept a candidate whose name was once enough in their eyes to damn any ticket and any platform, is due partly to the fact that William Randolph Hearst has ousted Bryan from his place as the most terrifying boggy of politics, partly to the manifest absurdity of professing fear of Bryan's radical tendencies after living for five years under a Roosevelt administration, and partly to the increasing conservatism of Mr. Bryan himself, who is said to have expressed the opinion that the Socialistic movement has gone too far and should be checked. The most serious question now is not whether Mr. Bryan can get the support of the conservatives, but whether, with Tammany and the capitalistic leaders flocking to his side, he can hold his old radical followers.



RICHARD JOHN SEDDON

Late Premier of New Zealand; born 1845; died June 10, 1906. He put New Zealand at the head of the world in social legislation



HAAKON VII

Formerly Prince Karl of Denmark; born August 3, 1872; elected King of Norway, November 18, 1905; crowned June 22, 1906

CORPORATE BRIBERY

THE advocates of Government ownership of railroads have been deriving much aid and comfort from the corporate practises revealed by the Interstate Commerce Commission's investigation into the relations between some of the great coal-carrying systems and the mining companies they serve. The principal argument for private enterprise had been that public operation meant politics, and politics meant corruption. It had been said that public officials would have their hands out for tips, as smoke inspectors and meat inspectors are supposed to do, while the servants of corporations would always act on business principles. The disclosures of the past few weeks have shown a state of things in the Pennsylvania Railroad that has never been matched in any public department in the entire history of the Government. Had the postal scandals that broke the heart of the late Postmaster-General Payne shown a quarter of the rottenness exhibited in this one little area of corporate activity they would have wrecked the Administration and its party.

The Pennsylvania official who failed to get his share of the bribe money distributed by the coal companies appears to have been an exception. Joseph Boyer, who held the modest position of chief clerk of the Superintendent of Motive Power, testified on June 7 that he had received \$58,244.75—\$46,494.75 in cash and \$11,750 in stock—from the customers of the road within the last three years. In the same time he drew \$8,100 in salary at \$2,700 a year. That is to say, for every dollar paid to him legitimately by his employers he got over seven dollars illegitimately from their patrons. This money was given to him on a regular commission scale, at the rate of three to five cents a ton on all the coal bought by the Pennsylvania from the companies that paid the bribes. Boyer admitted having placed his orders with the companies from which he drew his subsidies. When President Cassatt of the Pennsylvania heard of this testimony he promptly ordered the dismissal of Boyer, whose gleanings had been at the expense of the road itself rather than at that of its customers.

The other side of these commission transactions was exhibited by Joseph K. Aiken, who appears to have been at the same time a clerk in the office of the Pennsylvania Railroad and an agent of the Dunkirk Coal Company. Mr. Aiken admitted that he had paid Boyer five cents a ton on all the coal the Dunkirk Coal Company had furnished to the road. Asked why he had made these payments he replied:

"Oh, I thought we would like some of the company's business, and I paid Boyer five cents a ton commission for getting the business for us. That, I believe, was the recognized commission."

While Mr. Aiken was handing out these favors to others he was not neglecting his own interests. He told how he had acquired coal stocks to the extent of nearly \$75,000, "by judicious investment of my salary." His salary ranged from \$30 to \$126 a month. Mr. Cassatt thought the financial talents here displayed ought to have more room than a clerkship could give them, and Mr. Aiken was separated from the Pennsylvania payroll.

M. K. Reeves, chief clerk of Second Vice-President Pugh, testified that Congressman Huff had given him stock of the par value of \$47,000, merely in friendship, from the dictates of a generous heart. "Colonel Huff's motives were pure," he explained, "because he knew that I could not render him any service."

Sometimes there was a triangular interchange of

favors. Officers of the Pennsylvania Railroad were interested in the Keystone Coal and Coke Company. The Baldwin Locomotive Works sold engines to the Pennsylvania, and the purchasing agent of the locomotive works testified that he had been ordered to buy his coal from the Keystone Coal and Coke Company. While the favored companies found everything coming their way those outside the happy family were complaining that they could not get even their common legal rights from the Pennsylvania and its affiliated roads, and that the discrimination against them was driving them out of business.

A variation on the old theme was furnished by the New York Central. There was nothing to show that the officials of this line used their posi-

MORE LEGAL ETHICS

A REMARKABLE illustration of current legal ethics was given by a suit which ended in New York on June 5. One John Delahanty, a lawyer, had sued Richard Canfield, the most notorious professional gambler in America, for \$48,081.34 alleged to be due for professional services. The nature of these services was frankly explained in court. Delahanty, by his own account, had been a general utility man for Canfield in his illegal and criminal business and in helping him to evade the laws. When District-Attorney Jerome was about to raid the Forty-fourth Street joint the gambler got an advance tip and sent for his lawyer. Delahanty was there when Jerome arrived and protested against the raid. He wanted the place left free to continue its piratical career. He proposed a damage suit against the police inspector who broke open the doors of the joint. On his advice Canfield fled from the country, leaving all his affairs in the lawyer's hands. He said to Delahanty: "I am very solicitous about Bucklin" [his manager]. "Save him at any expense. . . . You know what it means to me." "What did it mean to him?" the lawyer was asked on the stand. "It meant," he answered, "that he had an income from his business of \$500,000 a year which might be lost. I knew all about his financial affairs, knew of this income, knew of his property, \$5,000,000 altogether, or more, of which one-fifth was right here in New York."

That is to say, Delahanty's professional efforts as an officer of the court were directed not merely toward saving a criminal from punishment, which, according to the prevailing code of legal ethics is permissible, but toward enabling him to commit a continual succession of new crimes, giving him an income of \$500,000 a year from a business which, in morals and in the eye of the Penal Code of the State of New York, stood on the same footing with theft.

On January 3, 1903, Canfield's manager telephoned to the lawyer that Jerome had obtained an order directing the Fifth Avenue Trust Company to give up all the securities and papers which Canfield and Bucklin had deposited in its safe deposit vaults. He added: "If Jerome gets those papers we're ruined. We'll have to go out of business, have to quit the country." In other words, they would have to stop committing crimes.

Delahanty told the manager not to get so excited. The next morning he went to the trust company's office and had everything taken out of Canfield's box and put into another in his own name. A little later he took the stuff, including at least a million dollars' worth of securities, to Jersey City, where the New York courts could not get hold of it.

Another of Delahanty's legal services, according to his own story, was the collection of \$130,000 from the relatives of a rich young man who had given Canfield notes, uncollectable in law, for \$300,000. Another was his assistance in the extraction of \$60,000 from a United States Senator.

This kind of work in the interest of Canfield's disreputable business lasted for two years. Then the gambler refused to pay the wages claimed by his legal accomplice, and Delahanty had the assurance to ask a court and jury to award him money for defeating the ends of justice and assisting in the commission of crime. The hospitable jury gave him the full amount of his claim. Thus the official list of things a lawyer may do for money has been considerably enlarged, but the things, if any, that he may not do remain still to be discovered.

RESTORING THE LINCOLN CABIN TO THE OLD FARM



The Lincoln birthplace logs on trucks in New York, ready to be loaded on the train



The logs on the train, guarded by Kentucky militia sent by Governor Beckham

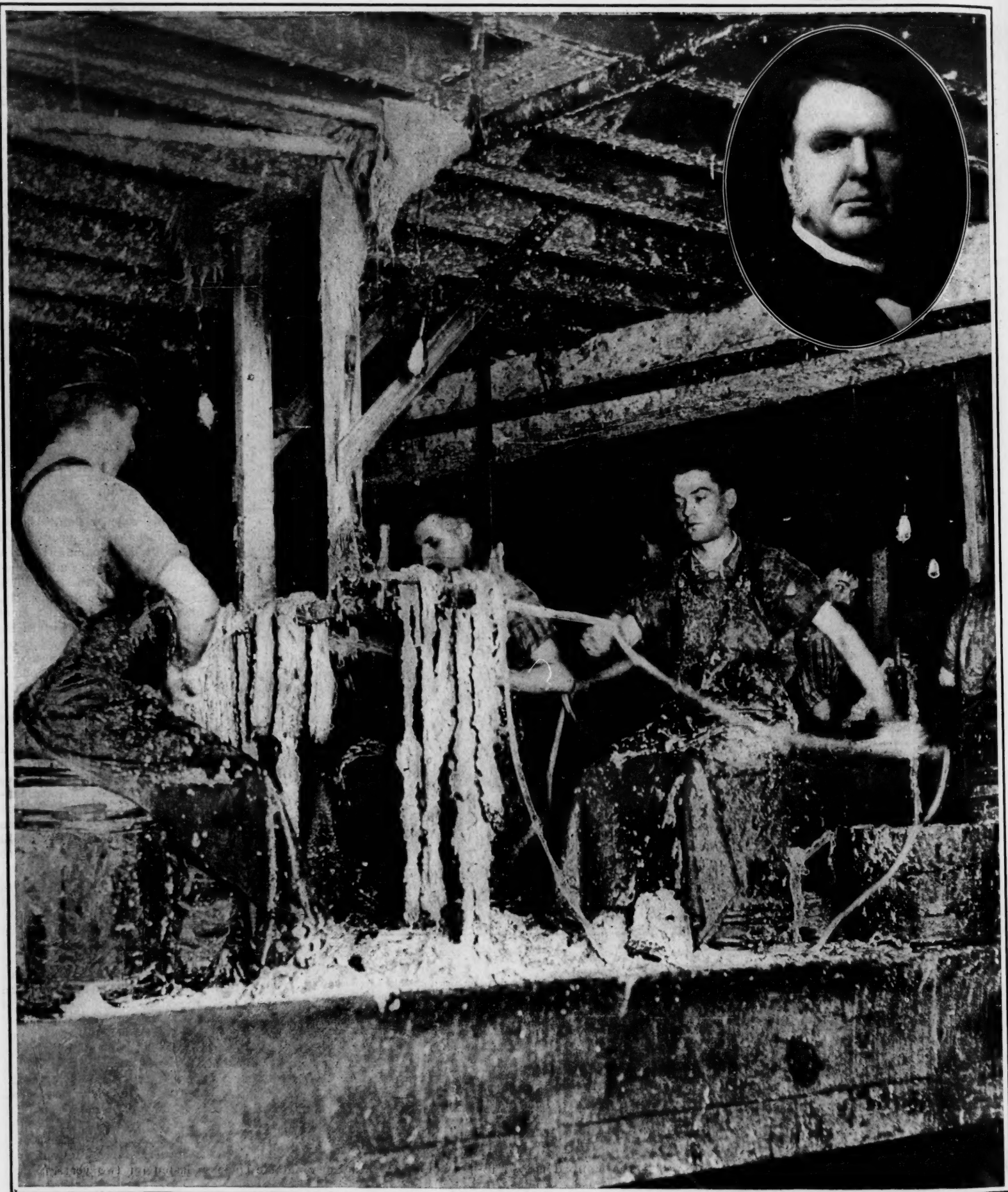
The cabin in which Lincoln was born had been taken apart, exhibited by a showman, and then stored in a warehouse in New York. It was bought by the Lincoln Farm Association and sent back to Kentucky, where it will be set up on the original site. On the way it was received with official civil and military honors in Philadelphia, Baltimore, Harrisburg, Pittsburg, Columbus, Cincinnati, Indianapolis, and other cities. It is now in Louisville

tions for personal profit. But the road itself got the neat little tip of \$500,000 worth of stock in the Beech Creek Coal and Coke Company, which grew to \$1,500,000 in stock and bonds when that corporation was merged into the Pennsylvania Coal and Coke Company. This present was given "for traffic reasons." It accompanied a contract by which the railroad agreed to furnish cars for a million tons of coal a year, to buy half a million tons, and not to interest itself in any other coal company, with a single exception. Nevertheless the New York Central does not appear to have been subject to the complaints of discrimination with which the Pennsylvania has been bombarded. That corporation has now begun a vigorous housecleaning, sending circulars filled with searching questions to all its officers and employees.

A FERTILE FIELD FOR THE MUCK-RAKE

THE SAUSAGE DEPARTMENT IN A CHICAGO PACKING-HOUSE

REV. J. R. DAY



THINGS THAT "MUST BE OFFENSIVE AT BEST"

The Rev. J. R. Day, Chancellor of Syracuse University and Defender of the Beef Trust, had this, among other things, to say in his baccalaureate sermon, June 10: "The scandalmonger who drags the people through slaughter-houses to exhibit in loathsome forms the food of their tables by exaggerations and Munchausen stories of things that always must be offensive at best are mistaken agitators and especially dangerous to us as a people at this time"

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MR. DOOLEY ON THE FOOD WE EAT

By F. P. DUNNE

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WHAT have ye undher ye'er arm there?" demanded Mr. Dooley. "I was takin' home a ham," said Mr. Hennessy. "Clear out iv here with it," cried Mr. Dooley. "Take that thing outside—an' don't lave it where th' dog might get hold iv it. Th' idee iv ye'er bringin' it in here. Glory be, it makes me faint to think iv it. I'm afraid I'll have to go an' lay down."

"What ails ye?" asked Mr. Hennessy. "What ails me?" said Mr. Dooley. "Haven't ye r-read about th' invistigation iv th' Stock Yards? It's a good thing f'r you ye haven't. If ye knew what that ham—oh, th' horrid wurrud—was made iv ye'd go down to Rabbi Hirsch an' be baptized f'r a Jew. Ye may think 'tis th' innocent little last left leg iv a porker ye're intrajooicin' into ye'er innocent fam'ly, but I tell ye, me boy, th' pig that that ham was cut fr'm has as many legs to-day as iver he had. Why did ye waste ye'er good money on it? Why didn't ye get th' fam'ly into th' dining-room, shut th' windows, an' turn on th' gas? I'll be readin' in th' pa-aper to-morra that wan Hinnessy took an overdose iv Armour's Unblemished Ham with suicidal intent an' died in gr-reat agony. Take it away! It's libbe to blow up at anny minyit scatterin' death an' destruction in its train."

The Plot of a Story

"Dear, oh dear, I haven't been able to ate annything more nourishin' thin a cucumber in a week. I'm grajally fadin' fr'm life. A little while ago no wan cud square away at a beefsteak with betther grace thin meself. To-day th' wurrud restrant makes me green in th' face. How did it all come about? A young fellow wrote a book. Th' divvle take him f'r writin' it. Hogan says it's a grand book. It's wan iv th' gr-reatest books he iver r-read. It almost made him commit suicide. Th' hayro is a Lithuanian, or as ye might say, Pollacky, who left th' barb'rous land iv his birth an' come to this home iv opporchunity where ivry man is th' equal iv ivry other man before th' law if he isn't careful. Our hayro got a fancy job poling food products out iv a catch basin, an' was promoted to scrapin' pure leaf lard off th' flure iv th' glue factory. But th' binifits iv our glorious civilization were wasted on this poor peasant. Instead iv bein' thankful f'r what he got, an' lookin' forward to a day whin his opporchunity wud arrive an', be merely stubbin' his toe, he might become rich an' famous as a pop'lar soup, he grew cross an' unruly, bit his boss, an' was sint to jail. But it all tur-rned out well in th' end. Th' villain fell into a lard tank an' was not seen again until he tur-rned up at a fash'nable restrant in New York. Our hayro got out iv jail an' was rewarded with a pleasant position as a porther iv an arnychist hotel, an' all ended merry as a fun'ral bell."

The Way to Reduce Your Meat Bill

"Ye'll see be this that 'tis a sweetly sintimintal little volume to be r-read durin' Lent. It's had a grand success, an' I'm glad iv it. I see be th' publishers' announcemints that 'tis th' gr-reatest lithry hog-killin' in a peryod iv gin'ral lithry culture. If ye want to rayjooce ye'er butcher's bills, buy 'Th' Jungle.' It shud be taken between meals, an' is especially ricommended to maiden ladies contemplatin' their first ocean voyage."

"Well, sir, it put th' Prisdint in a tur-rble stew. Oh, Lord, why did I say that? Think iv—but I mustn't go on. Annyhow, Tiddy was toying with

a light breakfast an' idly turnin' over th' pages iv th' new book with both hands. Suddenly he rose fr'm th' table, an' cryin': 'I'm pizened,' begun throwin' sausages out iv th' window. Th' ninth wan sthruck Sinitor Biv'ridge on th' head an' made him a blond. It bounced off, exploded, an' blew a leg off a secret service agent, an' th' scaththred fragmints desthroyed a handsome row iv ol' oak-trees. Sinitor Biv'ridge rushed in, thinkin' that th' Prisdint was bein' assassynated be his devoted followers in th' Sinit, an' discovered Tiddy engaged in a hand-to-hand conflict with a potted ham. Th' Sinitor fr'm Injyanny, with a few well-directed wurruds, put out th' fuse an' rendered th' missile harmless. Since thin th' Prisdint, like th' rest iv us, has become a viggitytaryan, an' th' diet has so changed his disposition that he is writin' a book called 'Supper in Silence,' didyicated to Sinitor Aldrich. But before doin' annything else, he selected an expert comity fr'm a neighborin' univarsity settlement to prepare a thorough, onbiased rayport that day on th' situation an' make sure it was no betther thin th' book said. Well, what th' experts discovered I won't tell ye. Suffice it to say, that whin th' rayport come in Congress decided to abolish all th' days iv th' week except Friday."

"I have r-read th' rayport, an' now whin I'm asked to pass th' corned beef, I pass. Oh, dear, th' things I've consumed in days past. What is lard? Lard is annything that isn't good enough f'r an axle. What is potted ham? It is made in akel parts iv plaster iv Paris, sawdust, rope, an' incautious laborer. To what kingdom does canned chicken belong? It is a mineral. How is soup—Get me th' fan, Hinnessy."

"Thank ye. I'm betther now. Well, sir, th' packers ar-re gettin' r-ready to protect thimselves again 'Th' Jungle.' It's on'y lately that these here gin'rous souls have give much attintion to lithrachoor. Th' on'y pens they felt an inthrest in was those that restrainted th' hectic cow. If they had a blind man in th' Health Department, a few competint frinds on th' Fedhral bench, an' Farmer Bill Lorimer to protect th' cattle inthrests iv th' Gr-reat West, they cared not who made th' novels iv our country. But Hogan says they'll have to add a novel factory to their plant, an' in a few months ye'll be able to buy wan iv Nels Morris' pop'lar series warranted to be fr'm rale life, like th' pressed corned beef."

Extract from Hogan's Novel

"Hogan has wrote a sample f'r thim: "'Dear!' Ivan Ivanovitch was seated in th' consarvatory an' breakfast room pro-vided be Schwartzchild an' Zulsberger f'r all their employees. It was a pleasant scene that sthretched beneath th' broad windows iv his cozy villa. Th' air was redolent with th' aroma iv th' spring rendherin', an' beneath th' smoke iv th' May mornin' th' stately expanse iv Packintown appeared more lovely than iver before. On th' lawn a fountain played brine incessantly an' melodiously on th' pickled pigs'-feet. A faint odor as iv peach blossoms come fr'm th' embalmin' plant where kine that have perished fr'm joy in th' long journey fr'm th' plains are thransformed into th' delicacies that show how an American sojer can die. Thousands iv battlefields are sthrown with th' labels iv this justly pop'lar firm an' a millyon hayroes have risen fr'm their viands an' gone composedly to their doom. But to rayturn to our story. Th' scene, we say, was more beautiful thin wurruds can describe. Beyond th' hedge a physician was thryin' to make a cow show her tongue while his assistant wint over th' crather with a stethoscope. Th' air was filled with th' joyous

shouts iv dhriers iv wagons heavily laden with ol' boots an' hats, arsenic, boric acid, bone-dust, sthricknine, sawdust, an' th' other ingreejents iv th' most nourishing food f'r a sturdy people. It was a scene f'r th' eye to dote upon, but it brought no happiness to Ivan Ivanovitch. Yesterday had been pay-day at th' yards an' little remained iv th' fourteen thousand dollars that had been his portion. There was a soup can iv anger in his voice as he laid down a copy iv th' "Ladies' Home Journal" an' said: "Dear!" Th' haughty beauty raised her head an' laid aside th' spoon with which she had been scrapin' th' life-giving proosic acid fr'm th' Deer Island sausage. "Dear," said Ivanovitch, "if ye use so much iv th' comp'ny's peroxide on ye'er hair there will be none left f'r th' canned turkey." Befure she cud lift th' buttherine dish, a cheery voice was heerd at th' dure, an' J. Ogden Cudahy bounded in. Ivanovitch flushed darkly, an' thin, as if a sudden determination had sthruck him, dhrew on his overhauls, an' wint out to shampoo th' pigs. [Th' continyuation iv this thrillin' story will be found in th' nex' issue iv "Leaf Lard." F'r sale at all dellycatessen stores.]

The Blight on the Feast

"An' there ye ar-re, Hinnessy. It's a tur-rble situation. Here am I an' here's all th' wurruld been stowin' away meat since th' days iv Nebudcud—what-ye-may-call-him. 'Tis th' pleasant hour iv dinner. We've been waitin' half an hour pretindin' we were in no hurry, makin' conversation an' lookin' at th' clock. There is a commotion in th' back iv th' house, an' a cheery perfume as iv beefsteak an' onions comes through an open dure. Th' hired girl smilin' but triumphant flags us fr'm th' dinin'-room. Th' talk about th' weather stops at wanst. Th' story iv th' wondherful child on'y four years old that bit his brother is stowed away f'r future use. Th' comp'ny dashes out. There is some crowdin' at th' dure. 'Will ye sit there, Mrs. Casey?' 'Mrs. Hinnessy, squat down next to Mike.' 'Tom, d'ye stow ye'erself at th' end iv th' table where ye can deal th' potatoes.' 'Ar-re ye all r-ready? Thin go.' There ar-re twinty good stories flyin' before th' napkins ar-re well inside iv th' collar. Th' platter comes in smokin' like Vesuvyous. I begin to play me fav-rite chune with a carvin' knife on a steel whin Molly Donahue remarks: 'Have ye r-read about th' invistigations iv th' Stock Yards?' I dhrop me knife. Tom Donahue clutches at his collar. Mrs. Hinnessy says th' room seems close, an' we make a meal off potatoes an' wathercress. Iv'rybody goes home arly without sayin' good-by, an' th' nex' day Father Kelly has to patch up a row between you an' ye'er wife. We ate no more together, an' food bein' th' basis iv all frindship, frindship ceases. Christmas is marked off th' calendar an' Lent lasts f'r three hundherd an' sixty-five days a year."

The Tragic Source of Food Supply

"An', be hivens, I can't stop with thinkin' iv th' way th' food is got r-ready. Wanst I'm thurly sick I don't care how much sicker I get, an' I go on wondherin' what food ra-aly is. An' that way, says Hogan, starvation lies. Th' idee that a Polish gentleman has danced wan iv his graceful native waltzes on me beefsteak is horrible to think, but it's on'y a shade worse thin th' thought that this delicate morsel that makes me th' man I am was got be th' assassynation iv a gintle animile that niver done me no harm but look kindly at me. See th' little lamb friskin' in th' fields. How beautiful an' innocent it is. Whin ye'er little Packy has

been a good boy ye call him ye'er little lamb, an' take him to see him skippin' in th' grass. 'Aren't they cunning, Packy?' But look! Who is this gr-reat ruffianly man comin' across th' fields? An' what is that horrid blade he holds in his hands? Is he goin' to play with th' lamb? Oh, dhreadful sight. Take away th' little boy, Hinmissy. Ye have ordered a leg iv lamb f'r supper.

"Th' things we eat or used to eat! I'll not min-tion anny iv thim, but I'd like some pote to get up a list iv eatable names that wud sound th' way they taste. It's askin' too much to make us be happy whin we're stowin' away articles iv food with th' same titles as our own machinery. 'But why not ate something else?' says ye. Fish? I can't. I've hooked thim out iv th' wather. Eggs? What is an egg? Don't answer. Let us go on. Milk?

Oh, goodness. Viggitytables, thin? Well, if it's bad to take th' life iv a cow or a pig, is it anny better to cut off a tomato in th' flower iv its youth or murder a family iv baby peas in th' cradle? I ate no more iv annything but a few snowballs in winter an' a mouthful iv fresh air in th' summer time.

The Romance of Food

"But let's stop thinkin' about it. It's a good thing not to think long about annything—ye'ersilf, ye'er food, or ye'er hereafter. Th' story iv th' nourishment we take is on'y half written in 'Th' Jungle.' If ye followed it fr'm th' cradle to th' grave, as ye might say—fr'm th' day Armour kicked it into a wheelbarrow, through varyous encounters,

th' people it met, with their pictures while at wurruk, until it landed in th' care iv th' sthrange lady in th' kitchen—ye'd have a romance that wud make th' butcher haul down his sign. No, sir, I'm goin' to thry to fight it. If th' millyonaire has a gredge again me he'll land me somehow. If he can't do me with sugar iv lead, he'll run me down with a throlley-car or smash me up in a railroad accident. I'll shut me eyes an' take me chance. Come into th' back room, cut me a slice iv th' ham, an' sind f'r th' priest."

"They ought to make thim ate their own meat," said Mr. Hennessy warmly.

"I suggested that," said Mr. Dooley, "but Hogan says they'd fall back on th' Constitution. He says th' Constitution f'rbdids crool an' unusul punishments."

ANARCHISTS IN AMERICA

By BROUGHTON BRANDENBURG

Slowly driven from European countries by police vigilance, the Anarchistic leaders are centering in America, using the life of our alien quarters in the large cities to cloak their doings and agitating these aliens for the purpose of spreading the doctrines of Anarchy and raising funds. Operating from their new base, these enemies of government, law, and order recently formed a plot to slay three sovereigns. This article sketches the growth, extent, and present status of Anarchy in the United States

THE deed of Manuel Morales, who hurled the bomb at the carriage of King Alfonso and Queen Victoria in their wedding procession on June 1, was applauded most loudly, where? In the centres of old-world oppression? No. In these free United States. Scores of open meetings, disregarded by the press, even unknown perhaps to the public, have been held in which the act of "martyrdom" has been lauded by hundreds of unbridled orators.

Anarchistic newspapers, some of which are carried as second-class matter in the United States mails, issuing from Boston, New York, Bassi, Vt., Paterson, N. J., Chicago, Cincinnati, and elsewhere, openly praised the attempted regicide, and yet the great American public goes carelessly on, unheeding a growing condition that brings us to shame in the eyes of the other great nations of the world. They call us a negligent harbinger of their worst enemies, and they tell the truth.

These are a few of the things I have seen in the past few months with my own eyes: tens of thousands of men and women, largely alien, marching through the streets of New York under the red flag of social revolution, halting before the statues of Washington and Lincoln to listen to harangues preaching the world-wide overthrow of what those names stand for; a great mass-meeting in Philadelphia with speeches in five languages and red flags waving everywhere; large gatherings in Paterson, where Czolgosz was cheered as a martyr and certain of our living great cursed with hate and promised such a death as came to President McKinley; the letters and papers in a plot concocted by Italians and Hungarians in Western Pennsylvania to kill Governor Pennypacker of that State and Governor Pattison of Ohio; pictures of Brescia, Czolgosz, Lingg, Parsons, Molatesta, and others shown and cheered at one of the inflammatory performances of the Anarchistic theatre in Grand Street, New York. The situation is so bad that the Secret Service has emphasized its advice to President Roosevelt, members of the Cabinet, and other prominent public men to make no stated tours that take them through Paterson, N. J.

The Making of an Anarchist

We are importing annually by the thousands men of small, warped, or embittered intelligence who are saturated with the pernicious doctrines of Socialism and Anarchy, which have only become pernicious by being inculcated into hundreds of "half-developed comrades" by fiery-tongued agitators and rabid pamphleteers. Given a man who has been oppressed abroad until he is in a chronic attitude of revolt, then put the accepted ideal that he and his fellows have been robbed of the property they produced by the capitalist system of production, and he is inclined to take by violence what he has been taught is his own. Any railroad president or head of any big plant who is planning to import wage-laborers from Europe's centres of oppression this season, as many will do, should stop and consider long and well. For the sake of profit he is surrounding his property with men who on occasion will become wolves of violence and take his property or his life away from him. The leaders of the packs are here in preponderating numbers, fugitives from foreign prisons, espionage, and oppression; sheltered by our free institutions, yet eager to give tongue.

Russia boils and bubbles with the ferment of Anarchy. Gorky, Andrew, Kropotkin, and a hundred other notables have kindled the fire. Germany, Italy, and

Austria stand ready to haul their courses before Anarchistic and Socialistic squalls. Anarchists, Nihilists, Social Democrats, Terrorists, State Socialists, etc., are marching upon us by the tens of thousands, and for the purposes of this article, I declare at the outset, that in



DISTRIBUTION OF AMERICAN ANARCHISTS

The dots on this outline map of the United States show the approximate geographical location of the centres of agitating groups throughout the country

this free Republic, so long as they stand for the destruction or the establishment of any system except by the peaceable exertion of the will of the majority of the people, Anarchists and Socialists alike must be considered enemies of society—criminals. The whole situation is a dreadful muddle upon which,

after years of investigation, I can hope to throw but a dim light. Any man, no matter how tolerant and fair-minded, who attempts to tell the truth as he sees it, will find himself the target for accusations and execrations from all quarters. On one side is a jumble of noble and unselfish idealists, rabid fanatics, professional agitators, justifiably discontented proletarians, cloud-roaming economists, and meddlesome sociologists, liberally sprinkled with natural-born freebooters and dangerous cranks, while on the other is an array of densely ignorant, groping representatives of the masses, smugly contented bourgeois, violently prejudiced lovers of law and order, official supporters of the same on the defensive, journalists keen on the Anarchism that makes news, and the few who understandingly look on the future with more or less anxiety.

To those who wish me to disassociate the theories of Anarchy and Socialism, I need but say that the agitators of both are prodding King Mob, and if the next generation wishes to die decently in its bed, the men who are sowing in this generation the seeds for new Reigns of Terror must be looked after, and I mean merger promoters as well as red haranguers.

Anarchy and revolutionary Socialism offer to honest but slow-witted labor a plausible, urgent reason for murder, robbery, immorality, and civil disruption. The millions before whom we are helpless listen with growing interest.

The whole proposition resolves itself into a question of the effect of a radical revolutionary doctrine on a given set of individuals, who in turn are able to incite to dangerous acts masses of people who are not mentally capable of comprehending involved doctrines. The principles of Anarchy appealed to Tolstoy as beautiful ideals, to Tucker of Boston as an exercising ground for his superabundant mental energy, to Captain Michael J. Schaack as a hydra-headed monster, to Czolgosz as a pedestal on which to strike a dramatic attitude, to Lingg as the moral excuse for wholesale slaughtering by dynamite, to Johann Most as a theme for fiery polemic, to Bismarck as a roseate ideal as chimerical as the millennium, and withal fallacious as being a form for human society that did not take into consideration the competitive characteristics of human nature. To millions they are nebulous permissions to take what they have been taught is theirs, though in the possession of others, and if necessary or convenient to kill the possessors if they protest.

The Philosophy of Anarchy

To the Anarchist who would deny this, I would quote the most philosophic of all the Anarchists, Prince Peter Kropotkin: "Mankind can not free itself through acts of Congress or party legislation, but through local action; peaceful, if peaceful it can be; insurrectional if the nation can not break otherwise the privileges and the monopolies bequeathed to it by its fathers."

Also to the Socialist who would enter a disclaimer I would quote from Karl Marx in "Capital," the book that is selling in seven languages more rapidly in this country to-day than any other economic work: "Force is the midwife of every old society pregnant with a new one. It is in itself an economic power."

Consider the statements of present-day Socialistic leaders of widely different types for further proof:

Jack London—"Far be it from me to deny that Socialism is a menace. . . . It is distinctly revolutionary."

Eugene V. Debs—"The Socialist party is a party of revolution, not of reform."



LOUISE MICHEL

First sister of the Red Sorority and until her recent death the most powerful and influential woman Anarchist



MAXIM GORKY

The most prominent literary exponent of the doctrine of Social Revolution. He is now in this country organizing and agitating

Abraham Cahan—"The lever is revolution, and the momentum of the awakened masses will crush thousands by the day."

It is this dissemination of ideas, this incitation to attitudes toward the rights of others, which is dangerous in this country to-day. Our worthy philosophic Anarchists are not dangerous except as they lend the moral influence of their names and the assistance of their pens. Equipped with their writings, agitators who are rarely inspired by any worthy motives unless they are fanatics, and too often are agitators as a means of livelihood and to gratify personal vanity, churn up discontent among the laboring classes. When times are most prosperous the agitator may even be forced to go to work himself, but when trouble appears then is his day.

Increase of Socialism

This last election saw an astonishingly large Socialist vote in the United States, a sum total of 426,376. In 1896 it was 36,274, in 1900, 127,553, an increase in eight years from 0.2 per cent of the popular vote to 3.1 per cent. If the returns by States be taken and spread out over the country, compared with the number and consequence of the serious labor disturbances for the four years past, any reasonable person will see the relation.

But it is not given so plain as the more definite paralleling of the labor disturbances with the distribution of the Anarchists in the country. There are about 27,000 Anarchists in the United States, and there is an increase of about 3,000 or 4,000 per year by immigration.

Yet another evidence, by a different route of proof, of the pernicious effect of Anarchy and Socialism, is to be obtained by summarizing the events of big strikes. In the big anthracite coal strike it was repeatedly shown that ignorant, brutal miners were incited by Socialists and Anarchists to commit outrages; in the tailors' strike in New York one out of every two men was either a Socialist or an Anarchist; in Chicago the teamsters' strike threatened at times to assume the gravity of the McCormick strike which culminated in the Haymarket tragedy by reason of the fomenting done by Socialists and Anarchists; not even the Anarchists and the Socialists deny the part they played in the terrible happenings in Colorado, in fact they pride themselves that some steps toward the Social Revolution were made, inspiring General Bell to say that if ever there is a revolution it will start in Cripple Creek.

The question, what to do with the propagandists, which is puzzling the heads of the wisest statesmen in Europe, is not to be answered in this day and time in America. I can but humbly do my best to call attention to the danger and set forth the important part that our immigration is playing in the general scheme, for not only are we importing the fomenters, but we are importing the prepared, discontented, revolt-imbuéd masses of wage-laborers who furnish the basic strata of the fomented society-to-be.

Delegates to America

In Russia the Anarchistic movement has been almost swallowed up in the revolutionary agitation. There have been many delegates from the central committee recently in the United States. They include Dr. C. H. Shilovsky and Madame Katharina Breskovskaya, Maxim Gorky, Norodny, etc. Madame Breskovskaya was one of the original followers of Michael Bakounine, an Anarchist of the most violent type. She has spent twenty-two years of her life in prison. Dr. Shilovsky is a man of great mental attainments, and reasons on something of the same lines as Bernstein, who is altering Karl Marx's philosophy to suit new conditions in transportation, immigration, and machine production. Abe Cahan, editor of the Jewish Socialist paper "Forward," which is making great headway among New York Jews, is what might be called a professional agitator, and when he differed with Shilovsky and was ready to deliver a speech on "Marxism," he was able to pack his audience-room to the doors on the night of January 4, last year, and where was his hall? The Auditorium of the Educational Alliance at 197 East Broadway, the purpose of which charitable institution is to fit Jews and others for American citizenship. Abe

Izaak, not a Jew, but a Mennonite by birth, the editor of the Anarchistic paper, "The Free Society," one of the ablest and most liberal Anarchists in the country, was driven from Russia into Germany and then to the United States, and he says that the present upheaval in Russia has driven multitudes of Russian Anarchists over the borders into various European States, whence they come to America, because they find that only here and in England the wonderful Russian "Third Section," the perfect system of police espionage, can do them no harm. We stand as a refuge for the Anarchists and Socialists of Russia. Gorky, Andrew, Tolstoy, and others by books and plays have a hold on their furtive readers no words can describe.

In Germany and Austria

Portland, Oregon, is becoming one of the worst centres of Anarchy of Russian origin, producing a plot to kill the President late in May of this year.

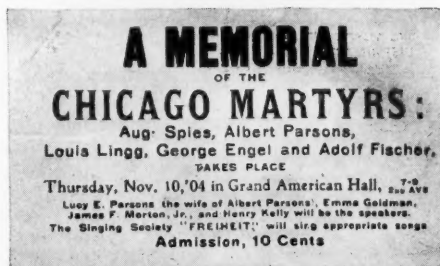
In Germany the encouragement of the Social Democrats by the Government in Bismarck's time has not served to placate the enemies of the State, and now the enforcement of the laws against Anarchists is growing more and more strict, with the result that the secret propaganda is spreading rapidly, aided greatly by the German groups of Anarchists in England and the United States.

In Austria much the same condition prevails, but in Hungary such great numbers of the agitators have been forced to come to the United States, and immigration is improving the social conditions to such an extent, that Anarchy is not making much progress. In Italy the noted leaders are nearly all in prison, for the Italian police have been catching them up all over northern and central Italy, and the friends of Anarchy are behind "Avanti" and the other great Socialist



LEONID ANDRIEW

His intense, emotional writings and speeches are eagerly sought in many languages by Anarchists in America



CARD TO AN ANARCHISTIC MASS-MEETING

This card, in several languages, was widely distributed and assembled a fiery crowd, yet New York in general was not aware of the event



PRINCE PETER KROPOTKIN

Now a refugee from Russia, living near London and directing the Anarchistic propaganda in England and America



FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE

A leader in thought and analysis, who has made Anarchists of more German-Americans and Austro-Americans than any other agency

organs, waging a relentless war on the Ministry and the Church. All of the known enemies of the State have either got into prison, are under surveillance, or have emigrated to the United States or Argentina. Argentina has thirty thousand Anarchists, supporting ten periodicals and quite a number of public schools. Italians and Germans have transplanted the tree.

In New York, weekly receptions are given to newly arrived Italian Anarchists, and the playhouse on Grand Street gives Chiesa's "La Vispa Teresa," Sori's "The First of May," and Caminita's "L'loba Cammino" to crowded houses—the only Anarchistic theatre in the world.

The Iron Hand in Spain

In Spain repressive measures, including torture, absolute cessation of free meetings, free speech, or even conversation, with numerous cases of exemplary punishments inflicted on the families of Anarchists, as well as on the Anarchists, have resulted in the increase of the membership of the groups to one hundred thousand and the regular maintenance of fourteen secret periodicals. Barcelona is the centre of distribution of these, which are printed outside of Spain. The fruit has been nine bomb-throwings in one year, continuous strikes, a horrible deed last September 2, during the Marine Parade, killing and wounding sixty, and the late attempt to kill the King and Queen.

In Cuba, Mexico, and other Spanish-speaking neighbors, I have found all this literature being rapidly sold upon the streets, and met some dozens of men who have escaped from the prisons of France, Italy, or Spain, or have fled from arrest. In Havana, Mexico City, and Kingston are many organized Anarchist groups.

In England is the centralization of the executive forces of Anarchy in the world. In and about London are gathered more of the great leaders, including Prince Peter Kropotkin, living at Bromley, Kent. Louise Michel, one of the greatest of the leaders of the social revolutionary movement, died near London a few months since. Turner, the Anarchist, who came here from London for the work of the International Society, and, by reason of his being so well known, was nabbed by the immigration authorities and deported under the law passed after the death of President McKinley preventing Anarchists entering the United States, is but one of a host of workers who operate from London. I am informed by men who know intimately the movement of the London workers, that since Turner's deportation more than a thousand Anarchists from London have entered the United States for the spreading of the propaganda here, and have avoided arrest and deportation by not having a committee with a red flag come down to receive them at the dock.

From the foregoing paragraphs some conception may be obtained of the status of Anarchy and dangerous Socialism abroad, and of the meaning of the whole to us in the importation feature, all of which leads the way to the consideration of the status of Anarchy in the United States.

Anarchy is Polyglot

Here Anarchy has encountered two great difficulties in effecting a solidarity within itself. I have listened to Anarchistic speeches in at least ten different languages, and they are delivered in more. All large meetings have speeches in several languages, which is highly indicative of the foreign nature of Anarchy. Thus diverse races and tongues within the same community is the greater difficulty, and the lesser is the prosperous condition of the workingman in America. Both Anarchists and Socialists belittle it and endeavor to incite discontent, but it is an obstacle. When dark days come the propaganda will spread like fire, for thousands of agitators are now being trained in the groups for their work. The diversity of language also impedes the spread of literature and tends to factional disputes.

Previous to the Haymarket tragedy, the seeds of Anarchy and dissent had been deeply planted among the masses of Germans, Jews, Poles, Bohemians, and others in Chicago. The crushing blows dealt by the law thereafter had but two notable effects, the turning

(Continued on page 20)

WHERE ROAMED THE YAKIMA



By Richard Lloyd Jones

No pioneers were met with a sterner resistance than those who entered the desert lands of the warlike Yakima. This Indian tribe to-day is all but gone. The alkali waste it occupied is now a paradise of fruits and flowers with countless prosperous and happy homes



Gathering Hops

RAILROADS try to run their passenger trains over the most uninteresting country at night. But "The Great American Desert" is too vast a territory for even the fastest continental flyer to compass in one span of darkness. On a recent trip from Puget Sound to the Twin Cities I found my Pullman section opposite that occupied by a good old Minnesota farmer and his lifemate. Their conversation revealed the fact that the old Minnesota farm had done well by them, and before retiring to the comfort of the old homestead's sunset porch they were taking the one great treat which had for years been their chiefest anticipation.

They were out seeing the great good country for whose welfare and protection she had reared three stalwart sons and he had read his country paper and cast his partizan ballot with unflinching regularity. We were riding through the great barren stretch of Eastern Montana—grassless, treeless, mountainless—as barren and dull as a map of the moon. Neither had spoken for perhaps a hundred miles. Both had whiffed at the dust that worked through the well-fitted window-sill, and both had studied the time-tables looking down into the sunset hours when the great iron horse might bring them *somewhere*, where there was *something* to see. At last the old lady remarked: "This seein' nothin' is just gettin' sickenin'." "Well, it is kind o'," the old man replied. "But," he added reflectively, holding his chin as he would if figuring on the merits of a new corn sheller at the Pipestone County Fair, "I'm thinkin' after what I see out there in the Yakima country, the time'll come when they'll find they ain't a bad spot in the hull United States."

The Terror Land is Gone

The Pipestone County patriot was right. His optimistic compatriot from Arkansas stood in the horticultural halls of the St. Louis Fair two years ago, observing a table of apples over which swung a board sign bearing the inscription "Idaho." The attendant described how those apples, "the best apples in the world," had grown on "The Great American Desert"; how the floodgates on the river banks had been opened and "the wilderness were paradise enow." The Arkansas traveler replied with a short Pulaski laugh, saying: "I just kim from the Washin'ton tables, and that's what they says about them Yakima apples. I reckon there ain't goin' to be no 'Great American Desert' pretty soon." And the Arkansas traveler was right. "The Great American Desert" is going.

The State of Washington, like Gaul and Kansas, is divided into three parts. Through the great central valley where the broad Columbia pursues its seaward way rests that part of "The Great American Desert" where roamed the Yakima.

In all ages the desert has been the terror land to man. It has repulsed his every sense. It has given battle to his progress, and it was the uncompromising

foe that opposed the development of the Pacific west. Like a great Sphinx, it holds secure to-day the mystery of many a lost American pioneer. But the frontiersmen who went to build an empire around the wonderful Puget sea found that the desert was not their only dread. They had the savage Yakima to meet.

The North American Indians, as a primal and uncontaminated race, had a high sense of honor for warring people. But the Yakima belied his race. Like the Patagonian, he was a giant, two heads higher than any neighboring tribe. His shoulders were broad, his chest large, his head blocklike, and his forehead flat. He was created to fight. A treaty to him signified an instrument to break and give cause for battle. Though they called themselves the "People of the Narrows," they possessed a love for conquest as great as the Romans of old. They made pilgrimages over the Cascades to the west and the Rockies to the east, and gave battle to the tribes they met. They preferred to hunt the buffalo in a land that was not theirs, and that teepee was most prized which was covered with pilfered skins.

The good old Jesuit fathers, who have so ably pioneered the long-lost corners of the earth, were the first to conciliate this giant hostile savage of the desert. They took the mighty red man to the low lands, spread seeds over the ground and turned the river's waters over the hard-baked earth. Then the Yakima saw rare fruits, wonderful flowers and large roots grow amid the century's dust and dry brush; and the Yakima became the Jesuits' friend, adopted their faith, developed a pride in the wonderful desert over which he and his

fathers had roamed, and resented with all his might the onrush of the white man, who obeyed the nineteenth century's slogan, "Westward the course of empire takes its way."

But the Yakimas were few and the white men many. Subdued by the unremitting argument of shot and shell, the chiefs in 1855 made a treaty with the Government to retire within the limits of a reservation. Some, however, with characteristic love of freedom, refused to recognize the treaty. Three times it was broken in open war, and old settlers tell of trials and conflicts that parallel the worst occurrences of the awful Sioux outbreaks in Minnesota and Dakota thirty years ago.

To-day the conflict is over. The mighty Yakima is all but gone. Stately court-houses, imposing schools, and splendid churches stand where once he pitched his teepee and danced to please his God of War. Great and wonderful gardens, measured by the mile rather than the chain, now dot the desert over which he roamed and proudly called his own.

Room for Every American in America

Now that we have put the Yakima away, what have we gained? We have gained a territory, in the heart of the great State of Washington, as large as Massachusetts and Connecticut combined, and capable ultimately of supporting in prosperity a population as great as that which these two States claim is theirs to-day. We have demonstrated that there is room for four millions of happy people in the land which the war-loving



Five acres in apple trees will support a prosperous Yakima home

Yakima was so reluctant to leave. We have found that rain is a hindrance rather than a help to the highest fruit and vegetable culture. We have found that there is still room for every American to live on American soil, and we may yet show New England how she may reclaim her deserted farms and increase her old home days from one to fifty-two weeks in the year.

In the army of argonauts who sought the rainbow's western pedestal in the romantic forties, there was hardly a man who dreamed that the Golden West would ever yield aught but the nuggets washed from the Sierra sands, and quartz torn by the pick from the reluctant fissures of the rocks. Those who dreamed beyond the gilded spoil saw little more than the trappers' pelts. Even the wools and hides of wandering herds on plateau pastures escaped their optimistic dreams. The desert was a hapless, hot, dry expanse, where men were sometimes entrapped by the parched thirst that drove them into the maniac's laugh as they stared at the distant mirage which mocked their grim agonies, and, under the merciless sun, gave their secret to the sands to keep.

Only the mad passion for gold could ever have induced men to cross it. It was through the quest for gold that California's paradise was found. It was gold that lured men into the wonderful Willamette Valley of Oregon. It was gold in the Yablonoi and Stanovoi Ranges that first brought Russia east to the Pacific Seas. It is gold that is drawing the coast line populace into Australia's heart. It is gold that is opening the gates to Tibet, and it was gold that brought the white man on to the plains where roamed the Yakima.

A Country to Endure

Here he found the parched and naked plains lying in desolation under a cloudless sky, but flanked on every side by snow-capped mountains, and furrowed by broad floodwaters that ran madly, wastefully on to the sea. Here the Maker of the universe had left His work incomplete that man might exercise his ingenuity. The problem that centuries ago had confronted the people of Asia Minor, Syria, Africa, and China was here. It was nothing new. The old adage, "What man has done man may do," defies the historians' talk of "Lost Arts." "Spread these wasting waters on the land," was the pioneer's talk and task. It was done, and for twenty years the Yakima Valley, without a Government subsidy, without a "Reclamation Act" ditch, has been proving that the desert is worth more than all the argonauts' pots of gold.

The Yakima Valley stands preeminent in the arid West for the plenitude of its water supply. The Western watershed of the Rockies and the Eastern shed of the Cascades, and even the Canadian snows on the Selkirk, swell the tributaries of the Yakima and Columbia rivers. The mountain ranges are perpetually white, and as the summer months make the melting season, the greatest water supply comes when the greatest amount of water is needed. The great white peaks of Baker, Adams, Tacoma, and St. Helens voice to every stranger the challenge of the Capitol's white dome at Washington, "This Country Shall Endure."

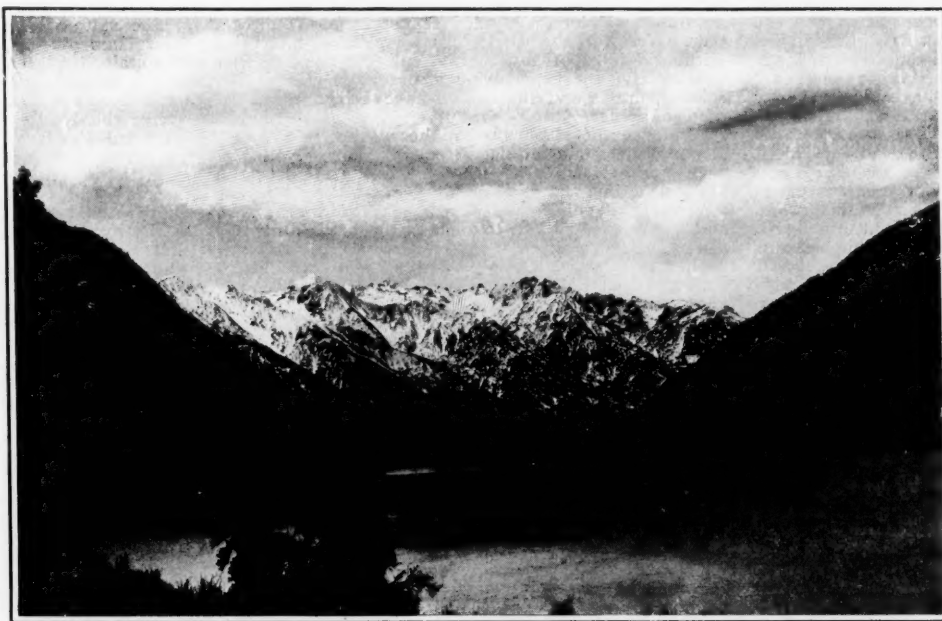
The big man in every Yakima Valley city is the president of the Ditch. There are many big men in that country, for there are many ditches. No railroad was ever laid out with clearer engineering precision than that which circles the Yakima Valley ditches around naked bluffs, binds them like clinging serpents to perpendicular walls, tunnels them through rocky hills, siphons them under highways, and spreads their burden out over the brick-like earth after a flow of fifty

or a hundred miles. And there they work the miracle which is being told around the world.

The largest canal in the Northwest, and one of the largest on the continent, is the Sunnyside, which has its intake on the Yakima River, eight miles below the city of North Yakima. This ditch, which has a capacity of seven hundred and fifty cubic feet of water per second, has already converted sixty thousand acres of desert into green meadows, golden orchards, and flowering gardens. In the midst of this transformation have grown up the thriving little cities of Zillah and Sunnyside.

Where Acres Mean People

The Selah Valley, the Moxee, and the Congdon ditches jointly have reclaimed nearly twenty thousand acres, and the Government engineers are now at work on the Tietan and Cowiche arteries, which will reclaim fifty thousand more. All this suggests the extensive ditch enterprises at such other reclaimed centres as Ritzville, Kennewick, Prosser, Toppenish, Ellensburg, Wenatchee, and Chelan. Yet with all this, not five per cent of the irrigable land of the Yakima Valley has received its virgin bath. Surely the picket line of America's expansion is along the irrigating ditch.



Lake Chelan, on the north of the Yakima desert, is forty miles long and the deepest in the United States

Acres in Yakima mean people. Where sixty thousand acres in Wisconsin would represent not more than five hundred farms, hence as many families, it would mean in Washington seven thousand five hundred families, or a population per square mile fifteen times as dense. The average Yakima fruit farm of five to ten acres will yield a larger profit than a hundred-and-sixty-acre farm in any Mississippi State. A net profit of three hundred dollars an acre per year is a disappointment to a Yakima grower. Four hundred dollars is so sure an earning that banks will loan on that expectation. Six and seven hundred dollars per acre are not uncommon returns for an apple crop. When ten acres of a desert will yield a net annual profit of five thousand dollars, it may not be counted a worthless piece of land.

The Apples That Roll Around the World

Irrigation is no longer an experiment in the Yakima country. It is a fact. The apples from there are so perfect in size, color, and flavor that they have made the name "Niagara" a forgotten term in the apple mart. Their reputation is world-wide and they are

shipped as far as Russia to the east and China to the west. Orchards have changed hands at what were considered high prices and yet yielded the purchase price out of the first year's crop. Instances are not uncommon which show a five-year peach tree producing five hundred to six hundred pounds of fruit, every piece of which will bring the highest market price. A ten-year-old apple tree that will not produce from twenty to thirty-five bushels of flawless fruit a year is considered a failure and rooted up to give way to a sprout of a better sort. The peaches grow with the size and color of the California fruit and with the flavor of the Michigan and Delaware product. It is the boast of the Yakima Valley growers that their fruit is thoroughly Western in appearance and deliciously Eastern in taste.

While fruits and particularly apples make up the largest bulk of the Yakima Valley crop, diversified agriculture is as possible on the arid disintegrated basaltic deposits of Washington as it is in the Mohawk Valley or on the rolling prairies of Iowa. "Despite not the day of small things," for celery, rhubarb, asparagus, and potatoes are as profitable as prunes or peaches, while hops will earn more than even alfalfa, which has raised many a mortgage in Kansas and Nebraska. Blackberries are as profitable as Spitzenburgs or Winesaps, and strawberries are just as sure to make a United States Senator in Washington as copper did in Montana. Moreover, there are the products of eggs and honey.

A Self-Sufficient Place

Orchards do best on well-raked ground. With two dozen eggs selling for as much as a bushel of wheat, why should not the farmer allow his hens to do the raking? And while bees are the surest and safest pollinizers for the trees and a ten-acre orchard, well "beed," will yield about a ton of the Biblical synonym of plenty and luxury, which markets for twenty cents a pound, the bee business is worth while. Two million dollars' worth of these eggs, as well as half as much of honey, were disposed of in Seattle markets alone last year. Did the savage Yakima but dream a meagre part of this, why should he not have loved his desert home?

California boasts that she is sufficient unto herself. Washington retaliates with: "Fence us in and we can forget that California is on the map." To-day the central part of that State, where roamed the Yakima, can almost boast as much. Every necessary food and almost every luxury is there for the getting. Even minerals and lumber are found in abundance in the mountains that edge her in.

President Roosevelt recently said: "I have never seen two such cities anywhere as Spokane and Seattle. If my eldest boy was large enough to be choosing a place, I would advise him to locate in one or the other of those cities, and it is a shake-up between them." Midway between these two cities lies the picturesque town of Wenatchee. It stands in the midst of orchards and vineyards. It is the home of the big red apple, "where dollars grow on trees." All that is true of Spokane and Seattle in an industrial and commercial sense is equally true of Wenatchee in an agricultural and horticultural sense.

It must be admitted, however, that while nature modeled Washington after the plans furnished by the Goddess of Plenty, her barren central valley even when reclaimed is wholly wanting in the satisfying charm that makes Vermont, New Hampshire, and the Allegheny foot-hills a paradise to live in, even if they can not grow



The Yakima pioneers build their dams in crude but efficient ways



A prosperous town in a land that was formerly an arid waste

a prune. But Wenatchee escapes the dull landscapes that encircle most Yakima towns. Situated on the banks of the Columbia, which is navigable all seasons of the year, this little city has intercourse with the wonderful Lake Chelan, which for beauty and grandeur has no equal in any Eastern State. This deepest inland water in all Uncle Sam's broad domain is the heart of a miniature Switzerland, which is destined to become one of the show-places of America. And this is no idle praise, for there are many very great show-places in the West.

Every oasis on the great American desert from Yakima to Yuma raises "the finest fruits, cereals, and vegetables, and enjoys the finest climate and the most even temperature in the United States." And this is the first claim of every village and farm from the "Lovely Vale of Cashmere" in the Wenatchee Valley to the "Horse Haven" of Prosser, and the river junction at Kennewick and Pasco.

Isolation of the Country Gone

Lewis and Clark a century ago predicted that there would some day be a city at the junction of the Snake and Columbia Rivers. There are two cities there now. These two will some day be one and then Spokane will have a race. Of this, R. Lewis Rutter, the Secretary of the Spokane and Eastern Trust Company, recently said: "I have always felt that at or near the junction of the Snake and Columbia Rivers would develop the largest city of the inland empire, and I say this with all due respect to my home city of Spokane." As President Roosevelt said: "I have noticed your green fields and pretty homes; your development has only commenced, and your future is assured." This point is to horticulture and agriculture of the North Coast Empire what Pittsburg was to the Allegheny iron mines forty years ago. North of Wenatchee lies the Big Bend country, where wheat is so abundant one may travel the whole day without the sight of a single patch of barren soil. Long processions of binders and headers in the dry, bright days of the harvest cut and sack the abundant yield that the mighty Oregon must bear down to the sea. To the west the Snake River skirts the Wallawalla land, where wheat has had its test for over thirty years. To the east, along the Yakima River, the fruits are gathered. Washington is first among the States in hardy fruits, and the Government reports her average wheat yield likewise in the lead. That this great output of the reclaimed desert may have an unobstructed watercourse, the United States Government is to construct a lock, at the cost of four and a half million dollars, which will link Kennewick with the open sea.

A country which is worth all this expenditure by both State and Nation, when it already has a

great transcontinental railroad, is certainly a coming country.

Of all the Yakima Valley cities, perhaps none better typifies the spirit and the character of the growth of these apple towns than Yakima itself. With every farm reduced to the dimensions of from eight to ten acres, the city seems to extend indefinitely; in fact, when the irrigation development is completed it will never end. For the intensive farming on this highly perfected soil and under the perpetual sunshine will support a prosperous home every quarter-mile. In this close contact with his fellow man the Yakima farmer enjoys a precious boon not shared by the masters of many acres in the Middle West.

The isolation of the country is gone. The farmer in the Yakima land becomes a metropolitan master of the soil. A thousand cooperations are open to him which before had been the city's greatest charm. Church and club life, fire protection, telephone, and even the trolley are the experiences and contemplations in the Yakima lands to-day. The schools are in the people's midst and not, as in Dakota, some several miles away. Here the rural mail delivery is but an expansion of the city's service. The high schools, brought within "tolling" distance of every pupil are, provided with a corps of most efficient teachers—graduates from the foremost universities of the land—and at the head of the town's main thoroughfare stands the tribute to its volunteer soldiers who died serving their country's flag. Here, on the ditch dug by private enterprise without a dollar of Government subsidy, has sprung a constructive and expansive democracy, where arts and science, crafts and industries, have grown from the seeds of apples.

A pioneer of 1870 who had heard the "Go West" slogan that made Horace Greeley famous wrote the sage of the New York "Tribune" a glowing story of all the Yakima waters would do. He concluded with: "Why, sir, all this country needs is a little more water and a few good people to make it the best country in the world." To this the conservative party candidate replied: "That's all hell needs." To-day the difference between hell and Yakima is that Yakima has got them and so far as we know hell has not.

The Reclamation act, with its consequent subsidized canal, is relieving Nevada of its greatest humiliation. It is making mighty States of Arizona and New Mexico. It is multiplying opportunity in California, Utah, Idaho, and Wyoming. It is putting western Oregon in competition with its eastern half, and it will augment the work of the Yakima pioneer.

Where, then, with opportunity never so open and abundant as now, are our Departments of the Interior and of Agriculture, and the voice of our boasted American press, that a hundred thousand of our countrymen have accepted less desirable lands under foreign flags?

Why should they go to Canada when they so need the larger privileges at home while our "West" is closing in? The Dominion Government by public and private appropriation heralded their Alberta and Saskatchewan lands through paid advertisements in the newspapers of every State in the Union, and maintained elaborate bureaus for the free distribution of their literature in fifty-eight of our cities. And even more, one letter of inquiry from an American farmer will bring a paid agent of the Canadian Government to his door. While this proselytizing goes on, the land agents of our great "U.S.A." emit the puerile whine that our lands are preempted, and the young farmers have no chance. They turn upon the poor, depleted, vanquished Indian again, and in the name of Young America ask the President to open up another reservation that they may saturate themselves in graft.

The Wealth of Yakima

Have we no organs with which to make our own good fortunes known? Our country is one vast out-of-doors. There is more good land lying open in the United States than can be made fruitful to the highest point in half a dozen centuries. The conian silence of the desert has only been broken by a whisper. The Valley of the Yakima will yet put to shame either the Mohawk or the beautiful Genesee.

The State of Washington is larger than New York, New Hampshire, and Vermont combined, and their mountain displacement is equal. Every acre that is left is ultimately habitable. Let the East no longer sneer upon the West, for in the science of the compass, unlike the North and South, which are positive, the East and West are relative. The awakening Asia may yet overshadow Europe, and the Pacific Coast rather than the Atlantic may become the front door of the nation. Then New York and not San Francisco or Seattle will be the outpost of the American frontier.

The scorching rhetoric found in the reports of the first representatives of the Atlantic seaboard press who ventured to the edge of the Occidental Sea has passed into the history of humor. The cactus has given way to the magnolia and the sagebrush to the elm. The copperhead, the tarantula, the side-winding rattler, and the sliding lizards have gone, that the horse and the cow and the automobile might come. Colleges and court-houses have broken the teepees down. The worst horror of strenuous orthodox theology no longer describes the ancient Yakima's home. The pioneers who braved the invincible Yakimas accepted the old prophet's challenge to: "Make straight a highway . . . and the desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose." And the Goddess of Liberty has seen them "make her wilderness like Eden, and her desert like the Garden of the Lord."

THE SYSTEM OF HADDON-BROWN

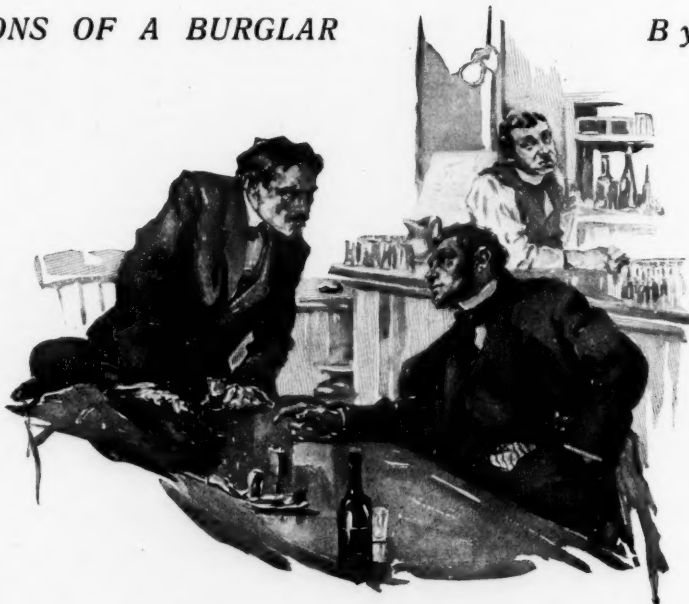
BEING THE REFLECTIONS OF A BURGLAR

By DAVID LLOYD

DOCTRINAIRE was the stigma under which I pursued my theories unabashed for the fuller and more vigorous years of my life. Doctrinaire I must now admit myself to have been. Confession of the secret sort that comes from unwilling conviction is not good for self-esteem; and it is in humility and not without bitterness that I have the courage of my disillusionment. To say that I am entirely assured even now that my vision was a mistaken one would be to make too great a virtue of disappointment. Yet I have seen the handwriting, or at any rate the signature, of failure upon the wall; upon a wall so oddly chosen, so prone to be flattering in its message, that its warning to me seemed struck off in acute derision. Had I ever heeded those who fancied themselves accepted for my friends, I should have escaped this shock to my pride, partly perhaps in escaping the pride. But mockery and argument had as little force against the stubborn complacency characterized by the one man of all the lot whom I had the least heart to despise, as my utter disregard of the rights of man in arriving with my theory so late in the world's history.

Richard Desmond, since gone to glory, was, as I always told him, a romanticist. He was a wild, impulsive fellow, with the lust of blood in a good fight, and oddly enough, the smug carelessness and content of a lazy bourgeois into the bargain. He died with a sheriff's posse after him, plaguing his foes like any Corsican bandit with one last brutal crack of an unavailing rifle; such an end, no doubt, as he would have chosen, outlawed, dangerous, vengeful, and not altogether beaten to the last. And yet this indomitable pluck that we could recognize before ever it had been put to so spectacular a test arose neither from desperation nor from any sense of justification. He accepted the posture of his life as he would play out a luckless game of poker; if he lost to the world, at least he never showed annoyance. To me this was always odd. I was nothing if not logical; or at any rate logic was nothing to me unless it proved me right. And if Desmond always held me wrong, I for my part always set out to demonstrate to him that he was a bigot.

"We are against the world," I can hear him saying as we sat over our anodyne of poor whisky one stormy



I was on my feet in an instant, ready to interrupt with a row

night long years ago, that stands out in my memory sharper than the events of yesterday. "We are against the world, and so we're against ourselves. That's logic, I suppose?" He slid the bottle over the unwashed table and helped himself to a methodical third of a glass. "But at the same time I've killed my man before now, and I don't propose to quit just yet. When I do, the barrel will be hot and there'll be no children behind, and there's an end."

I had it in mind to speak my doubt of his certainty as to the definite stop in his family line. But this was beside the point.

"As a pilot, then, you would have been content with a smash-up every time you came within sight of rocks," said I. "Some men, I suppose, are built that way. For my part, I would rather be President than be wrong. I can not think I am wrong and go on."

"You can't argue from your own case. You're a humbug," retorted Desmond. "As a burglar, Haddon-Brown, you're an outlandish failure."

"Burglary," said I, ignoring the instant look of pathetic resignation that came into his eyes, "burglary is the negation of private property. The world is free to all men, if all men would but make free with it. I'm no preacher, and for that matter you're no congregation; but if all the trees in the Garden of Eden had been free, where would have been the fall of man? Call it an allegory, if you will, and confess you increase its force tenfold. Man must steal. There has never yet since the world began been complete honesty among men; in the high places, in councils of state, in the homes of bitter poverty that can least afford to be robbed, the spirit of the thief has cursed and snarled, or smiled and smiled. Yes, even in the organized body of the Church itself—"

"Hold on, man," cried Desmond, "leave the Church alone, will you? Besides," he added with a twinkle in his restless eye, as in apology for such devotional fervor, "you're stealing your ideas."

"And there," I cried, going off the track of my eloquent argument for the moment, "there you have a better illustration than you ever heard in the pulpit."

"I ever heard," he chuckled, "I?"

"There," I continued, "is the triumphant vindication of things in common, an ideal

that, saving your reverence's tender sensibilities, I might trace to an early day of light and a teacher who died between two of us. I steal my ideas! Suppose society frowned on that. Society would clap itself into prison, there to remain through ages of mental, moral, and earthly arrest. Where would the law be? Who owns the jury idea? Who laid violent hands upon the Roman code? But ideas, you say, are immortal and given to all men. And life? Food, drink, sleep, land, riches, these are immortal, too, since the beginning and till the end, handed on like your ideas from generation to generation, and given to all alike. Violate that decree, set up the ridiculous proposition that the idea of the earth's shape belonged to Columbus and could only be shared by beneficiaries named in his will, and you'd be laughed out of Christendom. Violate that decree again, set up the anarchistic doctrine that the face of the earth can be cut into parcels for the sole use of eminent Tittlebats, as much their own as the backs of their hands, say that the needs of life were

given not to the living but to the grasping, and you'll be honored as a respectable citizen."

"Haddon-Brown," said Desmond gravely, leaning over the table and mouthing his heavy mustache, "you're a damn fool! A damn fool," he roared suddenly, and as if he had been hurt, "and I'll tell you why. You take life seriously."

Here he paused. I failed to see the drift of his meaning, and rather put out, for all that, by the assurance of this heavy-handed fellow, I descended to a quibbling retort to the effect that he took life merely to keep in practise, a betrayal of annoyance he disregarded. The look he continued to give me was so compassionate that I began to think him ill, for he never showed his liquor in good health. And then, just as I was reflecting that tricks like this theatrical pause were his one refuge against my better forensic, he delivered himself pompously of a judgment.

"You're a gentleman burglar," said he.

This, I confess, snapped an oath out of me, and I was on my feet in an instant, ready to interrupt the barkeeper's evening business with a row, and bring down upon us our own exile from town as suspicious characters, in the courteous euphuism of the better informed police. There are some words no man can swallow.

"Sit down, my boy," said Desmond, who had not budged. "You misunderstand. I don't mean that you are one of these degenerate skates who have themselves written up in the Sunday papers. You're a good sort. But you're not a good burglar. You were never cut out for it, with that washed-out, studious way of yours. You're crook enough to have made a good lawyer, or you had enough cheek for a capitalist. But as an outright burglar you've missed your calling. And that's why I say you take life too seriously."

Desmond leaned back in his chair like any judge ending his charge to the jury. He had warmed up with this harangue and was vastly pleased at the momentary state of the controversy. One can't argue with a man who can't argue.

"If you are quite done whipping the devil round the stump," said I, "I trust he'll now find something better for you to do. As far as I can make it out, the case stands so: I ought not to worry about being in this business, because if I had been a sensible youngster, I might now have been Attorney-General, but at present it's rather late for me to change places with him; and secondly, I take life too seriously because I don't hold your conviction that a pilot ought to lay his course for the nearest rock on the chart. Now, I don't believe anything worth proving was ever proved in an argument yet. The one advantage in argument is that actual results are rather slow. But to-day the world is moving rapidly. I'm willing to bet you five thousand dollars that I'll make a fool of you in ten years!"

"Well," Desmond suggested smiling, "but how am I to tell?"

"In ten years' time," said I, "you'll come to me and say: 'Haddon-Brown, you were right; burglary is justifiable and the first step in social reform.'"

"Is that your bet?" he asked.

"That's the first part of it," said I.

"And is five thousand all I can take?" said he.

"Ten years from now," I continued, "on this impressive occasion you will take my hand and say: 'Old man, forgive me; we all use your system now.'"

"If I say that," he put in, "you will certainly have made a fool of me. Why, in the first place, you have no system."

"Call it what you please," I cried, "ten years from now you'll be a wharf-rat when you rob a schooner's captain at his moorings, and a Vanderbilt when you rob a Vanderbilt. You'll play the part."

"But that's not playing the part," he insisted. "If you're a fish in the North River you don't get yourself up like a ferryboat. If you're a fish in the Castle Garden Aquarium you don't get yourself up like an immigrant. The business of a fish is to swim. The business of a burglar is to rob."

"Ten years from now," I thundered, "you will come to me and say: 'My friend, I see I was wrong. This country of ours is the land of success. Nothing succeeds but success, and no kind of success fails. I was wrong when I said we couldn't get out. The burglar that succeeds in secret can enjoy his success openly.'"

"Never!" cried Desmond.

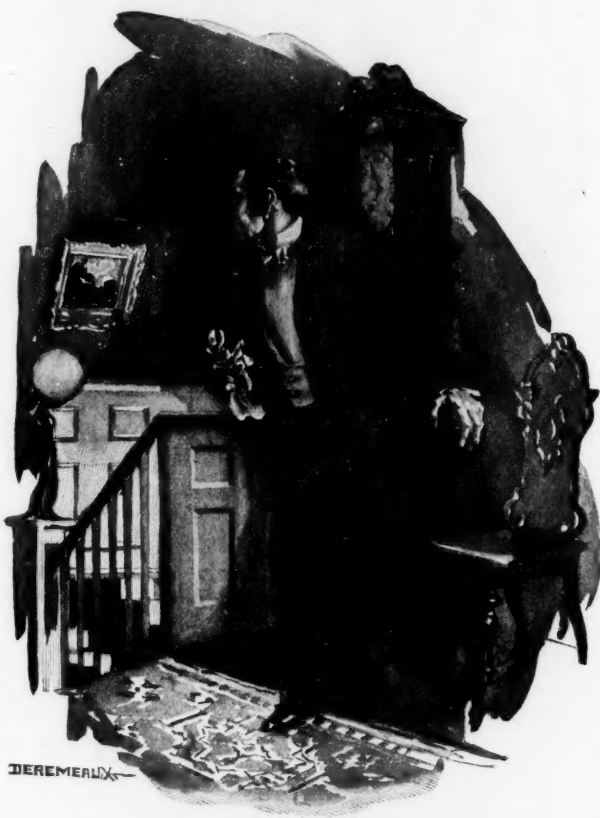
"Ten years!" I shouted. "Five thousand!"

"Done!" said he. "I hate to take the money."

How the bet would stand now, I hardly know. My system, which, as I have said, still appeals to my instinct despite the testimony of experience, seems, I admit, to have worked its own destruction. I have given up the ideal and left the field to the old dark lantern school to which Desmond belonged. Therein I have lost the five thousand. On the other hand I am now living as a man of means in a flourishing Western town, confessedly a retired burglar at work upon his memoirs, which my publishers look forward to exploiting as a human document, to use their own phrase, against our penal methods. For a short time after the decisive adventure that undid my theory of modern thieving, I slipped back into the romantic methods, and, more in chagrin than purpose, worked my way west by highway jobs and holding up through trains. One evening I happened into the town where I have since remained to find the bank in a quandary over a jammed safe. I voted discretion a bore, announced myself as a safe-breaker of large experience, produced a passable kit, freed the lock and stanch the run that had set in. The constable deliberated. Before he had come to any conclusion I had found the real estate genius of the county and bought an expensive corner lot. I put a little fortune into the hands of the bank

as trustee for investment, and though I kept studiously out of politics, I have served on the school board and twice as police commissioner. I have been liberal to charities and have subscribed freely, it should be said, to various bodies that exist for the protection of society; and, in short, while I am considered rather eccentric and am something of a celebrity in the neighborhood, my fellow townsmen seem by common consent to make a point of according me the deference due to a good citizen. On this count, therefore, I have won the five thousand. But in any case the bet would seem to be off, for, as I have said already, Desmond has since died at bay.

The piece of work that was fated to bring rebuke to my presumptuous radicalism had attracted me quite as much by its difficulties as by its promise of profit. And even after the seasoning of long practise, I confess to a sense of shakiness in the knees as I alighted from my brougham and presented myself at the door of the Secretary of State in Washington on the evening in question a goodly number of years past. The occasion was



From below rose the confused murmur of small talk

one of considerable social and diplomatic brilliancy; the arriving guests were numerous, the moment rather bustling. I was too old a hand to risk any doubling of identity. If my adopted personality was not recognized at the threshold, the governmental entities of the world were manifold and their servants legion, and I reached the cloak-room in comfort, where I had the pleasure of affording fire to the covert and insatiable cigarette of a person of importance from the Embassy of Russia. After no great ado in that chapel of the dustless sleeve, I was standing just outside its door, folding and unfolding a pair of irreproachable gloves, when fortune made haste to favor me by averting every listless eye, as a breeze brushes back the loose foliage of a tree, and I disappeared. It may be as well, I think, to avoid any unessential identification of the scene in describing the shifts by which I stepped securely out of public life and into the realm of the lawless. Suffice it to say, that, not without hazard and delay, I eventually gained an upper floor of the house, where I had reasons, over the source of which let me again draw the veil, for believing that a treasure of great price was imprudently kept by its youthful and recent owner.

An abominable creaking of the last step of the back stairs, by which I had ascended, brought a failure of judgment home to me. The door was shut before my face. If I opened it and stepped forth to confront some servant, my attire would look rather resplendent for the menial entry I had chosen. If, on the other hand, I delayed to let such a chance enemy take the initiative and discover the representative of an independent sovereignty mute and anxious in the incongruous passage, matters were worse. Should I face this risk and wait, what was to be my conduct toward any one properly following my steps? I pause over this instant's embarrassment, which in itself is but one of a thousand that ordinarily fill the hour of any intelligent burglar because it embodies a contradiction in my practise and theory, of the fundamental nature of which I became vaguely aware even at the moment, and was presently to realize beyond doubt. Reflecting that with the urgency of social fripperies below there was more likelihood of danger behind than before, and that though I should have contrived to mount the staircase proper it was now vain to regret the blunder, I opened the door noiselessly but with some show of commotion, and lurched into action with a befuddled air and an alternative phrase ready on my lips, "My

dear Baroness!" or "What a destiny, Senator, what a destiny!" as the sex of the interrupter of my tipsy wanderings might demand.

No one was there. Slowly along the corridor, but not too slowly for such a bit of fooling if surprised, I made my way over the heavy rugs to the shadow of a tall Dutch clock, that kept its methodical count where the stairs swung round and up to the spacious landing. From below rose the confused, deadened murmur of a sea of small talk.

Across the way before me stood the invitation, I might almost say the exhortation, of an open door. In such pursuits as mine a man falls into a curious fatalism. By no means certain of the precise direction of my search, I knew that room, full of vague shadows, for the scene of success. After a pause in my rather imperfect seclusion long enough as I judged to exhaust any risk of my not being alone, I stepped into the light and crossed, cautiously now and with intense alertness, into the sheltering dark within. And here again I met delay, that the deliberate pupils of the eyes might adjust themselves to the stumbling-blocks of a disordered chamber.

The toilet I might then have been admiring, had I remained the accredited representative of the Ultimate Region of Thule to the United States of America, could almost have been reconstructed as the shadows gradually parted and form came out from the void. No study of the advertising pages of the magazines of the hour could afford a bachelor a more varied instruction in the gentle art of being feminine. Skirts and petticoats, I thought, overlaid every elevation in the room except the ample dressing table, whereon a multitude of silver-backed brushes and the odd little kit of a belle glinted helter-skelter in the glow that came trickling steadily in at the door. Apparently the young lady had been hard to please this evening, and the maid's conscience easy-going; the last a natural result of the first perhaps, but one that gave point to the persistent note of the pendulum outside. The conscience even of a maid was unreliable, and she might return presently to her neglected duties. I had come to a stand near a writing-desk, as I found when it began to assume a streak or two of light in its sleek polish. This, too, was in disarray; a jumble of folded sheets and envelopes of various sizes burying a too expensively mounted inkstand of quite inadequate capacity. For a moment I stood oppressed with superstitious uneasiness. Everything was falling out with the opportune accommodation of a dream. Here at my side before I had stirred lay probably a check upon my surmise. Yet, why not? The vulgar housebreaker would have stalked, lantern in hand, into this treasury of an undisciplined coquette and been utterly at a loss. I had put myself in sympathy with my surroundings and nothing escaped me. Anxious not to disarrange the papers as they lay, I picked out a solitary letter from a cubby-hole at the back and stepped warily to the door. This was the appointed room. The envelope bore the lady's name. The hand was bold, heavy, assertive, such as became the wealthy, overbearing youngster whose lavish gift of pearls had set unfortunate paragraphs asquint in gazettes of social gossip. I turned the letter on edge; not that a burglar of standing would descend to the prying tricks of respectable characters on the stage, who read one another's correspondence from a sense of duty, but to note whether the envelope had been torn open or cut. It had remained sealed!

Here was a message, certainly tender and probably urgent, left like a tradesman's bill untouched. Yet, be it observed, it had not been destroyed, it had not been returned, it had not been even flung down in the promiscuous little heap upon the desk. A certain distinction had been conferred upon it in its very neglect; it had been thrust rudely but with design, contemptuously but unobtrusively into a solitary compartment, like some noble prisoner in the old Tower. Plainly I had not gone astray in my calculations: I had read the signs of this courtship aright. If the young lady of the pearls, who in her independent and unconventional spirit had felt no petty scruples over receiving the princely gift, was also, as I had gathered, fantastic enough to carry them about with her in her trunk with her portrait frames and silver-mounted brushes, then they were surely here in the room. This night, when on all sides splendor was in order, it would be her caprice to plague her lover's self-esteem by appearing without his rope of riches.

On a sudden, as I stood there priding myself on the conduct of my work, my satisfaction had a fall. I heard a gentle tread upon the stairs. I had been playing the detective too much and was now like to be caught. To do the deeds of darkness I had deliberately sought the treacherous light. Automatically I fell back into the shadow, slipping the letter into my pocket. But if this were the maid approaching might it not be better to gain cover outside, for as yet I knew little of any other egress from the room save the open windows? The tread was coming nearer. The time for venturing forth had passed. Still another blunder lay now to the credit of a supposedly infallible artist. From where I hugged the wall at the door-jamb the stairs were out of view, though I could still see the hanging lamp that lighted them. Presently the top step was reached with a weary little sigh. I recalled the inviting air with which this door stood open, and engaging the hair trigger of my heavy revolver, I fell to counting the footfalls.

Once again I stood a long while still. Had this been merely the delay of a suspicious intruder, my patience would have been the longer lasting. Moreover, I should have heard the breathing, however guarded. Some one had surely ascended and crossed the hall, and now, as surely, no one was there. Desmond, I remember think-

ing, would have held the spot haunted. But Desmond, too, would have finished his work before this, or if that were impossible in the nature of the case, would never have undertaken so delicate a quest. If it had been indeed the maid, why had she put my earlier caution to shame by choosing the main staircase? And whoever it was, where had she gone? I reflected that I had seen no figure, so that my alarm might have misled my ears. Possibly I had translated into my own neighborhood sounds that belonged to the floor just below. This might account for the sudden ending of the tread when it passed some intervening corner, a doorway, for instance, that would cut off the sound as mine cut off the light. I have said that the hanging lamp outside was within the range of my vision. It came over me now that reciprocally I was in line with its weak intruding shafts. In this accustomed darkness the penumbra seemed luminous. Any one there in the room would have seen me plainly. And with that thought I could not for the life of me throw off a sense of being observed. I stood like a man strapped to a post, some one in the room below listening to the ceiling for my step, and some one in the room with me studying my face.

Struggling against this growing nervousness, which used to trouble me in my work at times as a trick of blushing provokes some women, I resisted the inclination to seek the gaze which I knew was imaginary, and instead set my thoughts upon the lamp outside to summon my self-command. It was an odd affair, altogether too cumbrous for necessity, hung on heavy chains and cooped up in a shallow cylinder of figured brass, from which the light was let down through four or five conical protuberances; an ungainly metal tub that gave forth light below without itself being radiant. At first I took it for some unholy invention of a designer bent on being individual, and only useful if Providence in its wisdom saw fit. Then gradually the thing grew in dignity in my eyes and took on an air of the East. I have no training in the arts and may have gone lamentably afield here. But at the moment I made no doubt that Haroun al Raschid might once have known his way by the light that had so disquieted me; that under its gentle glow the begging hand of some turbaned descendant of the Prophet had closed over alms-money, or hired knives had slipped between the ribs of some superfluous brother of a Sultan. Here was surely an odd lantern, I thought, to hang in the citadel of a hated social order! a beacon of private redress, an inanimate token of a fashion of life where wrongs were avenged without appeal to an absent Heaven or the procrastinating courts of justice. I felt at home and welcomed. And then I noted a braid wire wound about one of the supporting chains. The hammers of Bagdad had wrought with lasting cleverness; but, more crafty than they, the Edisons, while affecting not to alter, had now taken possession. Prone though I am to ridicule omens, the insinuating manner with which this filament had eaten its way into the heart of my newly found emblem of ancient revolt struck me unpleasantly; and a second return of distrust in my method brought with it a more comprehensive

threat than before. I was resting my eyes upon only one uncovered strand of a network that spread its ramifications through all the house, one trailing finger of an octopus that engirdled the walls from cellar to garret. Few people realize, I fancy, the ghastly horror that



Surprised in spite of my expectation, I came upon the casket

to-day keeps at the elbow of the housebreaker, in the thought that unheralded and at any moment the night may be plunged, by the simple turn of a distant key, into the instantaneous flare of a thousand candles. But this reminder of an ever-present fear acted on me as a sudden tonic; and, brought face to face with old familiar risks, I fell to my work at last almost perfunctorily. I reconnoitered in the hall and at large throughout the rooms, and, finding a delicious solitude everywhere, returned to my task. It would be tedious to recount the search. I stepped about like a peacock on a lawn and never a board of the well-laid floor groaned. Drawers pulled open with the unctuous deliberation of molasses turning out of a jug, and went back with just the hesi-

tancy perhaps of a perfect cartridge in the revolver barrel. I had opened the last, when, surprised in spite of my expectation, I came upon the casket. I laid the rope of pearls at full length upon the dressing-table, and, ripping an inch of the lining of my coat, drew forth the imitation counterpart with which I came provided; for in work of this sort it was not contemplated in my system that police and jewelers the world over should be set upon their guard for missing treasure. The original and the fraud lay side by side so exactly similar that the amusing thought struck me of how easily I might confuse the two; and I was half inclined to recall that by the old proverb this was hardly a robbery at all, when I remembered that I was about to make off with the letter also. Now, with all her show of indifference the young lady would probably have missed the letter from the cubby-hole with more suspicious alarm and helpless rage commingled than she could have shown did I leave her casket empty; and, congratulating myself on having escaped the third blunder of the evening in leaving any trace of my visit, I turned toward the desk, but turned with a suffocating heart. The footfall was no phantom of my mind. I had mistaken only the sex.

The man stood there by the desk stockstill. To be more precise, he was rather beyond the desk and in a depth of darkness I had before hardly noted. Here was some door, overlooked, perhaps, through which he had stolen in upon me. Noiseless as a cat in his approach, he had the quiet now of an unwavering shadow, intent, but too cautious to be quite rigid. It occurred to me that his eyes were not yet accustomed to the gloom that enveloped me; he had heard me, he had tracked the little commotions of my exultant assurance, he had hunted me down, but as yet he had not seen me. There remained a few moments respite between us. The trigger of my revolver, leveled at my hip, had been pulled home at once, and when I chose to slip my thumb off the reverted hammer he would hear the report in another world. I had really no choice. Desmond would have shot. But beyond the fact that the great number of guests would hear the report in the rooms below, I had never killed a man except in a fair fight. Yet there was a stealth about this effete beast of prey that made my gorge rise against him. I began to see him more plainly. He struck me as rather handsome, and unquestionably well built. For a moment I thought of the smoker from the Russian embassy. Then I had a wild fancy of the giver of the pearls. And with that the murderous frown knit blacker, his eye sharpened, he saw me. He was armed. We flung our weapons up with one accord, and my bullet crashed into his skull: crashed indeed; clattered and splintered into a hundred radiating shards of vanishing light with a sound of slipping edges. I had shot my lady's cheval-glass. I had shot my evening clothes. I had done more: I had shattered the faith that was in me; and I let myself down the stout wistaria vine at the side of the panic-struck house, like any desperado in a comic opera, but sobbing like a disappointed boy.

THE POWER WAGON

THE FIRST OF A SERIES OF PAPERS ON THE COMMERCIAL AUTOMOBILE

By JAMES E. HOMANS

THE practical power wagon, or motor-driven utility vehicle, is one of the most conspicuous facts of present-day commerce and mechanics. Its appearance is an event as momentous as the inauguration of the railroad. Its field of usefulness must increase constantly, as civilized activities expand.

In England, where the steam wagon was common in the early decades of the nineteenth century, it represented nearly the highest reach of mechanical skill. The ponderous wagons of Hancock, Gurney, Russell, and other pioneer automobilists, were propelled by the most perfect engines then known, and steamed by boilers whose efficiency is still surprising. According to records, some of these wagons could propel loads as high as three tons ten miles an hour, at a cost within 6d. per mile for fuel coke. Barring the constant repairs, inevitable at that stage of mechanical evolution, this is a performance still worthy of respect.

Like its prototypes of sixty or eighty years ago, the automobile of the present day represents a conspicuous field of mechanical activity. A deep-seated popular interest and a constantly increasing demand have enlisted some of the brightest mechanical minds in the work of solving the many grave problems involved in its construction. Its development has furnished the largest share of incentive in the work of perfecting the internal-combustion engine, popularly known as the "gasoline engine," and has thus given the world what is, weight for weight, the most compact and powerful prime mover ever devised.

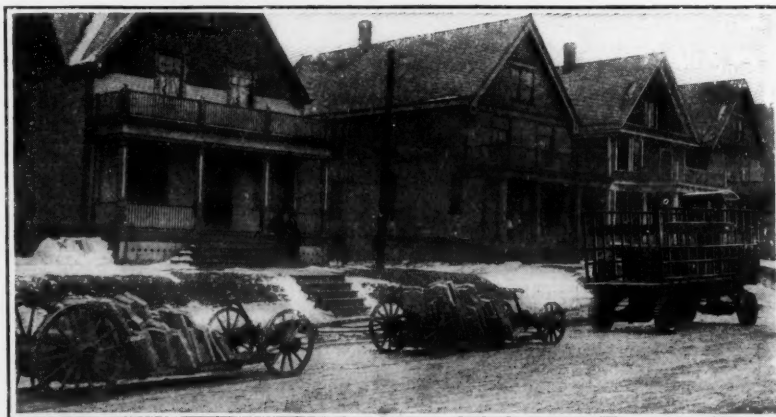
Since Gottlieb Daimler first applied the hydrocarbon engine to the propulsion of a road-going vehicle, over twenty years ago, the history of the automobile has been, to an increasing extent, the history of the engine first made practical by him. The so-called "gasoline vehicle" is the typical power wagon of the present day, as it doubtless will be in the future.

Formerly some manufacturers unwisely attempted to build utility vehicles on the same lines as touring cars. It is hardly surprising, then, that with careless

drivers and constant overloading and overspeeding they failed in service and cast discredit upon the power wagon in general. We can understand, therefore, why some people still exaggerate the difficulties of power-wagon design, and prefer to wait for the "perfect motor," which will probably eventuate sometime during the millennium, when perfection may be reasonably expected.

While wagons built for pleasure doubtless have sufficient strength to carry reasonable loads, they can not be expected to "stand up" to long and hard service. Their light springs will give; their high-speed engines will overheat, and their invalid cushions, pneumatic tires, will puncture and tear out. Briefly expressed, the power wagon must combine strength in frame, springs, and gearing. It must be driven by an engine that will not "lie down" under any loads. It must have better tractive qualities than any pleasure car; but it can not have pneumatic tires. That all these elements are ready at hand for the designer is a simple matter of experience.

The editor of COLLIER'S, ambitious doubtless to justify the popular verdict, "If you find it in COLLIER'S, you get it straight," sent a representative to visit the automobile manufacturers and experts in several American cities, and report on the present state of the power wagon. Most interesting among the things unearthed by this representative was the information that several prominent builders of pleasure vehicles have equipped the chassis of old touring cars with platform



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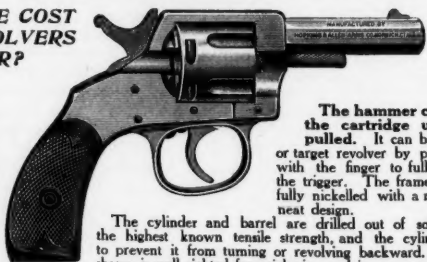


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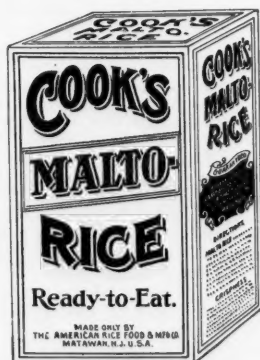
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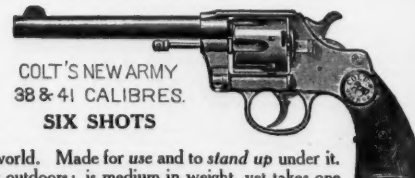
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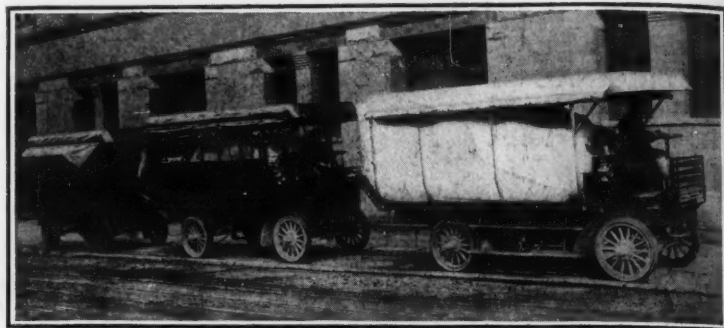
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THE POWER WAGON

(Continued from page 22)



AN ACHIEVEMENT AND A PROPHECY

An auto builder ships touring cars on power wagons to the New York show; traveling 152 miles in mid-winter; time one day and a half; total saving on railroad rates \$128

bodies, and use them as general utility wagons. One authority reported such a "dinky cart," which had been in constant use for over two years; carrying all kinds of loads up to two tons; traveling over all kinds of roads, from asphalt to cobbles, sand, and mud; making good speed, and costing about \$120 monthly, including tire repairs and driver's wages. In point of cost, and work accomplished, it had actually outlasted by three to one the horse teams previously required for the same service.

The performance of such vehicles in competent hands is a simple indication of what might be expected of specially designed power wagons in general service. However, the general situation was well expressed to COLLIER'S representative by Henry Ford, the well-known automobile designer, in the following words:

"To hitch a blooded light-roadster to a laundry wagon—a track horse to a dray—would, to my mind, constitute a no more wasteful and ridiculous excess than the putting the delivery body on to a touring car chassis, and using it for a business vehicle. It will answer the purpose, doubtless—but so also might a hod-carrier perform his duties in a dress suit, instead of overalls.

"The pleasure car, designed—evolved is a better word—to meet conditions of comfort and speed, and reduced to the last degree of lightness, compatible with strength sufficient to withstand indifferent country roads, is a finer piece of mechanism throughout than is demanded by the less exacting conditions to which the commercial vehicle is subject—heavy loads, but moderate speeds, and with well-paved city streets for the most part to be traveled."

Mechanically speaking, there are no insuperable difficulties involved in the design of a serviceable power wagon. A heavy-service wagon differs from one designed for light and medium weights, just as a trucking cart differs from a runabout. The mechanism adequate for the one, therefore, is not required for the other. They must be separately designed.

The real reasons why the appearance of the power wagon has been delayed are quite other than mechanical. In the first place, the leading and most experienced manufacturers have found the business of building pleasure vehicles so profitable, and so rapidly increasing, that other designs have been neglected. Again, the prospective purchaser, while cheerfully disbursing immense sums for a pleasure automobile, seems reluctant to pay even a fair amount for a utility vehicle. "If," he seems to argue, "one power wagon can do the work of three horse teams in its own class, it should cost no more than one team." This is discouraging to the manufacturer, who can not afford to sell below cost.

Most conspicuous, however, among obstacles in the way of the power wagon is the great American ignoramus. The power wagon must not only embody the latest and best mechanical elements for the performance of its work, but it must be completely fool-proof. More "failures" of the power wagon are due to incompetent and untrained drivers than to all the defects of design and faults of construction ever discovered. This should serve as a warning to the devotees of false economy, who are ever the first and loudest in finding fault. The irresponsible driver will wantonly overload and overspeed his wagon and habitually neglect his engine. Perhaps the millennial "perfect motor" may withstand his abuse; present constructions can not.

The question, then, is not: "Will the power wagon supplant the horse?" Rather it is: "How long will the horse be with us?" In virtually every branch of human activity the horse is already a disappearing factor. The railroad locomotive and the electric trolley car have long since eliminated him as an agent in long-distance transportation. The electric truck is rapidly effacing his significance for local drafting. The light and medium weight gasoline wagons are already competing in the field of retail delivery and parcel express. Even the noble fire horse will soon be listening for his last alarm.

In the great Western country, where horse-stealing was once a hanging crime, the steam tractors are dragging the gang-plows over the virgin prairies, and supplying power for the thrashers, binders, and separators. Even in warfare the motor is in evidence, dragging long trains of baggage wagons for the commissary, or, encased in full armor, like a knight of old, carrying a machine gun whose savage bark stifles the tuneful churning of the engine.

The power wagon can move faster, can carry a heavier load, and can carry it farther and longer than any horse yet created or evolved. It never grows weary. It is ever ready. It requires no large stores of food. It is content with any shelter. It may be repaired after any accident, short of total demolition. It does not die.

The power wagon resembles the horse only in its demand for unforgetting care, and for a skilful hand to guide it. It fills less room in a crowded street. It can turn in its own length. It can move backward, as well as forward. It contracts no diseases and occasions none. It necessitates no large and unsanitary stables for its shelter. It leaves the streets clean. It is less dangerous to pedestrians.

The power wagon is, of all vehicles yet evolved, the cleanest, quickest, cheapest, most efficient. It is the only highway vehicle that meets the demands of this age of great things done quickly. It will rank among the necessities in the no distant future.



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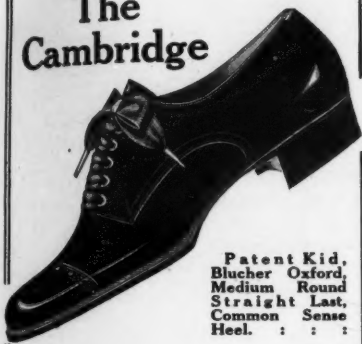
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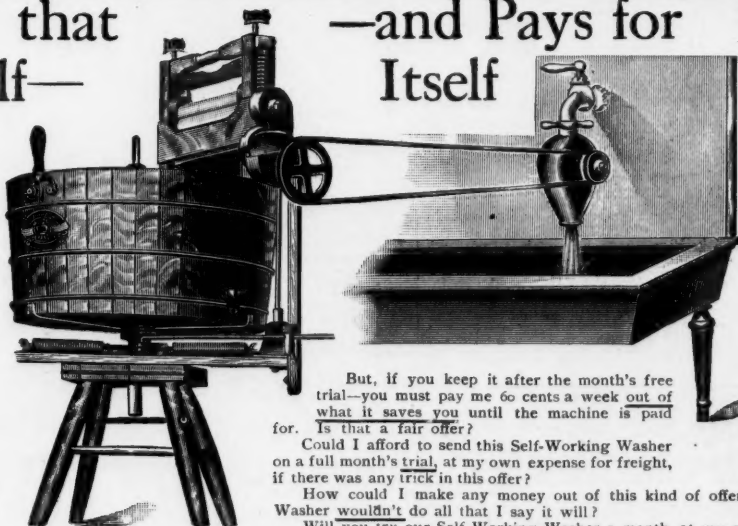
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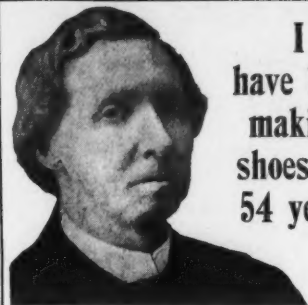
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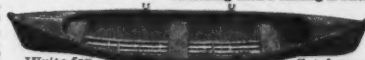
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ANARCHISTS IN AMERICA

(Continued from page 17)

back of the thousands who were just entering the territory of radical thought and action, and the exaltation as martyrs of the men who were hanged. The monument to them in Waldheim Cemetery attests that. For all good purposes it would have been better to turn them loose. The execution gave America Anarchist martyrs of its own, and as each year goes by and each new series of anniversary meetings is held all over the country, the halo grows, the heinous crime in which they participated is forgotten, and their death, instead of remaining their just deserts, becomes "their legal murder." The narratives of the affairs, as told and retold in workingmen's meetings by William Holmes, Mrs. Lucy Parsons, Emma Goldman, the late Johann Most, W. F. Barnard, and others, are given a form contrary to the newspaper stories of that time and against the historical setting down in Captain Schaack's "Anarchy and Anarchists." The speeches of the eight prisoners before the sentencing have been carefully reported, and excerpts from them have become the creed for labor unions, separate groups, etc., which have been in no wise influenced by the general Anarchistic propaganda. In a word, the events in Chicago have served to crystallize the Anarchistic movement in this country, and have given it its status before the masses. Say the Anarchists: "Five laboring men were made martyrs."

From that time, nineteen years ago, the cause waxed greatly up till the day when President William McKinley was given a mortal wound by an independent Anarchist, a deed, it is but fair to say, that was repudiated by Anarchistic leaders all over the country as being useless. Immediately Anarchy received a terrible setback, from which it has almost recovered. Workingmen everywhere loved McKinley, and for a moment they saw clearly just what the following of the "beautiful ideal" leads to; for it was the spread of the doctrine of force that made Czolgosz a murderer, but not for principle's sake one-half so much as for the glory that should be his. Anarchists in America are beginning to give him that glory, and in ten years he will be the hero Manuel Morales is to-day.

The map on page 16 gives some idea of the distribution and grouping of Anarchists, but many of the centres have few of the organized groups, which usually cluster about one or two agitators, just as Esteve has a great following in Paterson, New Jersey, among the Italians and other races; Voltairine le Cleve in Philadelphia among Russian Jews, Jews in general, and Italians, and W. F. Barnard in Chicago among English-speaking labor-union men and minor economists.

Anarchistic Groups in America

From visits, correspondence, second-hand information, etc., I possess a partial list of the Anarchist groups and radical discussion centres in or near large American cities, by name, and in some cases by address. This is necessarily not up to date, as it is the result of a considerable period of research, and the cognoscenti know that a group may be in full bloom to-day with a fine meeting on Sunday, and in two weeks be utterly scattered. The number of Anarchists in a city is not indicated by the number of groups, the proportion showing merely whether my facilities in that locality for getting information were bad or good. In Boston, for instance, and in the Pennsylvania mining regions, where they are thick as bees, the groups are not well formed, and I have no way of listing them. The leaders of Anarchy in this country say that there are scores of active groups in industrial communities of which they know nothing as to their names or leaders. New York has 18, Boston 8, Philadelphia 6, Chicago 10, Cleveland 5, St. Louis 5, Denver 3, San Francisco 8, Buffalo 4, Seattle 6, Cincinnati 4.

Of the estimated twenty-seven thousand Anarchists in the United States the greater number are unattached, and there is more Anarchy talked in many labor meetings than there is in some of the specified groups, though labor-unionists combat both Socialism and Anarchy.

As to how much vigor is to be found at present in the Anarchy of this country, I should say that it is quite virile and is increasing every day. On the 10th of November, the "Anniversary of the Chicago Martyrs," meetings are held in all the large cities, and though the last New York meeting was advertised by cards, one of which is reproduced on page 17, and the hall was packed to the doors and hundreds turned away, not one of the daily papers in New York was able to give a one-line record of the fact.

There is an appalling menace in the whole situation, the menace of a reign of terror somewhere in the dim future; but so peculiar a thing is Anarchy that to any fellow patriot who would say: "Use the might of the law and stamp it out," I would answer: "The might of the law can not stamp it out," for driving agitators into secrecy but gives them a magnetism to attract thousands. There is little to do, little to recommend, that I can see. The Anarchists must recruit largely from our laboring masses, and it is essential to give the laboring masses an absolutely fair deal in order that the arguments of Anarchy shall not appeal to them. *The discontented we are importing must be shut out*, or, if they are to be allowed to take refuge under our institutions, induced to cease playing the ingrate and menacing those institutions. Most important of all, every native-born American should shake off the idea that the Anarchists are to be dealt with successfully by the adroitness of the Secret Service and the nightstick of the patrolman.

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By MAURICE SMILEY

FORGIVE the word I said, Repentance cries.

I dare not say I did not mean it, dear.

That is the thorn in mem'ry's rose. I hear

Again the murmur of your sad surprise;

I see the wounded pain in your blue eyes

That brimmed an instant with an unshed tear,

Then bravely met mine own serene and clear.

It all comes back—that day when smiling skies

And whisp'ring treetops and the singing brook

Filled life with tender melody and made

Each hour a song. Yet, dearest, do not grudge

One little cuss word, for he broke my hook

And line and was a pounder if he weighed

An ounce. You would have said at least: "Oh fudge!"

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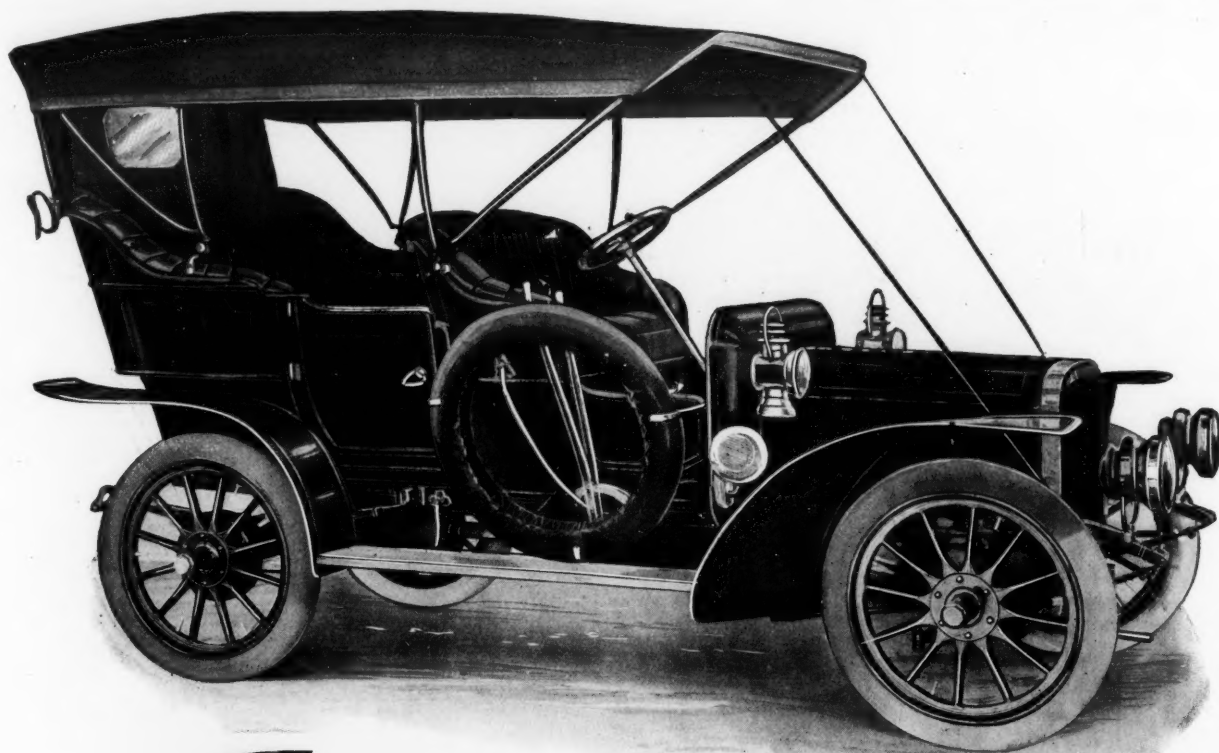
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